

*John Duck 313 Strand*

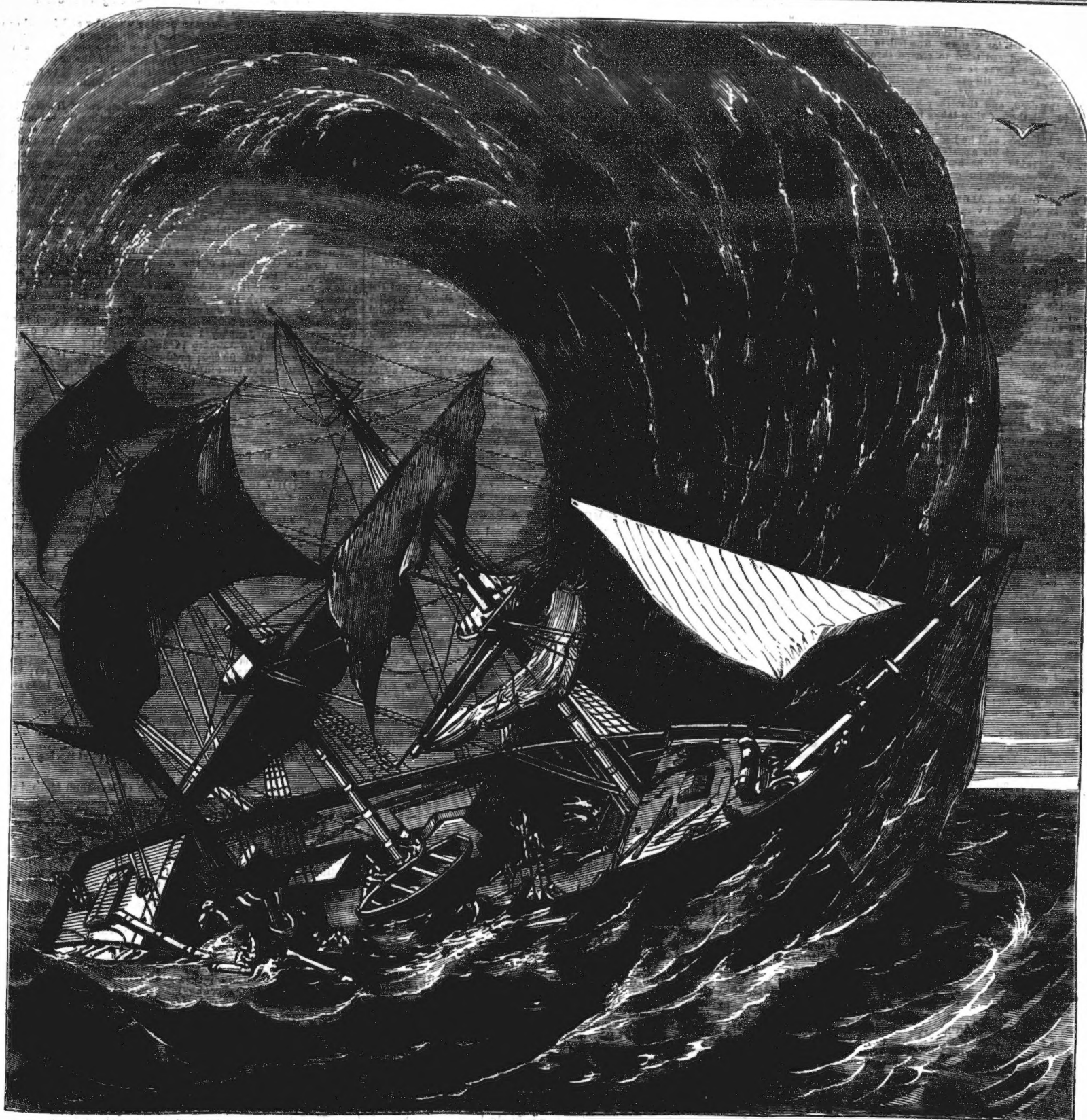
# PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 43.—VOL. I. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1864.

ONE PENNY.



DESTRUCTION OF THE BARQUE AUDY LETCHEMY BY A WATERSPOUT, AND LOSS OF 113 LIVES. (See page 674.)



## Notes of the Week.

On Saturday, Police-sergeant Billingham, 44 S, and Police-constable Gifford, 228 S, apprehended a woman, who gave the name of Maria Everett, on a charge of stealing a large quantity of plate and wearing apparel from her master, Mr. Clafford, of Clyde House, Sidcup, Kent. They found on her two silver ladies, thirty-six silver and plated forks, and a number of other articles. The woman had only been in her master's employ for about three weeks, and had previously to that been an inmate of the Pentonville Penitentiary. It is also stated that she has been previously convicted. The prisoner had pawned some plate in the Blackfriars-road, and was in the act of offering other plate in pawn when she was apprehended.

At the Liverpool Assizes on Saturday, Mr. Gee, a tailor of Huddersfield, brought an action against the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company, for injuries caused to him by an accident on the company's line. On the 31st August the plaintiff was returning from Liverpool to Huddersfield, and when in a carriage (third class) at Brighouse, an engine, negligently driven, ran into the train. The plaintiff was seriously injured, and would, probably, never again recover good health, while the profits of his business had dwindled from £4 to 10s a week. The jury gave him a verdict, with damages to the amount of £1,050.

On Saturday night Joseph Broadhead, of Barnsley, a youth seventeen years of age, under sentence of detention at the Calder Vale Reformatory, Mirfield, near Dewsbury, made an attempt to murder two females, and succeeded in wounding one in a very dangerous manner. Broadhead for some time past has been acting as kitchen boy at the institution, and on Saturday night, after finishing his duties in the bread-room, he fastened a door leading into the school-house, and taking up a large carving knife he went into the schoolmaster's sitting-room adjoining. In this place Mrs. Johnson, the schoolmaster's wife, and Miss Louisa Johnson, his sister, were seated at the time, and Broadhead rushed up to the former and tried to stab her. She luckily evaded him, and ran up stairs. Miss Johnson tried to escape through the bedroom, but he rushed upon her, stabbed her in the side and then in the shoulder—causing two very serious wounds—the knife in the first case glancing off one of her ribs and so saving her life, at least for a time. She fell in the room covered with blood, and Broadhead tried to escape through the window of the sitting-room, but was seized by Mr. Hepple, governor of the reformatory, and held till assistance arrived. Miss Johnson lies in a precarious state. The prisoner first said that two men had committed the deed, and that they had attacked him and destroyed part of his clothes—(when taken his clothes were found to be much damaged, and there was blood on his person)—but afterwards he changed his story, said he had burned the sleeves of his coat and other portions of his apparel, and had tried to murder the two ladies. He said that he had entertained the design ever since the previous Wednesday, but could not tell why, for the Johnsons had been very kind to him. He was taken to the Dewsbury lockup.

DEATH OF MR. ALDERMAN NEILD, AT MANCHESTER.—Mr. Alderman Neild died very suddenly on Monday, in one of the committee rooms of the corporation, at the Town Hall, Manchester, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He had attended to take part in a meeting of the watch committee, of which he was the chairman, and was standing on the hearth-rug, before the fire, about twelve o'clock, waiting for business to commence, when he suddenly dropped upon the floor, though apparently up to that moment in good health. He was picked up by other gentlemen attending the committee, but died almost immediately. An inquest was held in the afternoon, when it was stated that the cause of death was supposed to be a rupture of a blood-vessel either of the heart or brain. Mr. Neild has been connected with the corporation from its origin, and was associated with Mr. Cobden, about twenty six years ago, in the movement which led to the granting of this, the first charter of incorporation granted under the then new Municipal Corporations Act.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.  
(From *Le Fol et*)

We are promised a new material—a kind of mousseline de laine—which, it is said, will be of a very nice texture; but at present our ladies of fashion are as constant as ever in their admiration of foulard, which is made in such a variety of colours and patterns that it may well please all tastes. The paler shades are generally made with a corset—a fashion which, though it cannot be called new, will still be much worn.

The basquine of black velvet is very charming, and Spanish-like, when trimmed with gold or silver hanging buttons. These should be placed up all the seams of the back, front, and sleeves, and along the bottom of the vest. Silver buttons are generally preferred to gold. For children this kind of basquine is also much used. Ribbons of rare beauty are made for ashes. Plaid and white stamped velvet ribbons are much liked. There is a small passementerie, very pretty, used for edging the wide sashes, when made in the same material as the dress.

We can speak very decidedly that the short, half-fitting paletot to match the dress—or of black taffetas, trimmed with passementerie of beads, tassels, or fringe—will be quite fashionable.

Large buttons are now worn down the waistcoat, which are made of coloured cloth or silk, the same shade as the skirt. The veritable gilet-pierrot should be composed of white fustian or very fine quilting; the large flat buttons matching the colour of the skirt. If the waistcoat is velvet, the large steel buttons may be used.

A black poult-de-soie dress. At the bottom of the skirt an insertion of guirure, about five inches and a half wide, over rose colour. High body, with insertion put on in the Figaro vest style, and continued round the position basque. Insertion also round the bottom and up the seams of the sleeves a coude.

A dress of iron grey satin, trimmed with three bands of emerald green velvet, edged with a double ruche of green satin. The top of the whole trimming does not reach higher than the knees. High body, with velvet bands to match the skirt, only narrower, put on in brandebourgs, and as epanettes and cuffs to the sleeves, which are small, but opened up to the elbow.

Bonnets are worn closer than ever at the sides, and less raised over the forehead. Some houses still preserve the Mary Stuart form, but it seems scarcely likely that it will be much worn this season.

Crape bonnets are most worn just now; but silk and tulle satin—either plain, or mixed with crape or tulle—crinoline, and straw, are making their appearance.

One very elegant bonnet of pink crape was trimmed round the front and crown. In the cap a bow of mauve ribbons and one tassel.

A white crape bonnet was trimmed coquilles of white blonde, from which fell two small green feathers, over a bouquet of lilies of the valley.

A bonnet of green crape, trimmed with a bouquet of lilies of the valley, falling like a feather on the left side. This bouquet is fastened under a white rose, placed in a rosette of tulle. The curtain was green silk, with ruches of tulle. In the cap coquilles of taffetas, with a white rose in the middle. Ribbon strings.

For evening coiffures, feathers aigrettes are much worn. These aigrettes are made of heath or any light flowers, mixed with mother of pearl. The fashion of green leaves with very few flowers has been much adopted by the Empress this winter. Branches of mimosa, long sprigs of grass, or Indian parsley, are very pretty for this purpose.

## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

The France specifies that a circular is about to be despatched to French representatives abroad, stating that "in the event of the Conference meeting the Imperial Government intends demanding that the populations of Schleswig-Holstein shall be consulted, so that their wishes may form a ground work for negotiation." The same paper adds, that Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne has already received instructions to that effect.

The papers state that the Emperor will next month review the fleet at Oberbourg, and that he has given orders to have five new iron-clads built on the model of the Solferino and Magenta.

## NORWAY.

The Storthing has been closed. The King in his speech said that Sweden, jointly with other Powers, would endeavour to obtain peace; but that she must at the same time be prepared to render assistance to Denmark against overpowering force.

## THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

The first number of a revolutionary journal has appeared at Corfu. The inhabitants have attacked the house of the English director of public schools. Fears are entertained lest fresh disorders should take place. King George is expected here to open the Ionian Chamber in person.

## NEW ZEALAND.

The war in New Zealand is still proceeding. The natives have concentrated at Pihopiko, where they are surrounded by General Cameron's forces. The general is said to intend compelling their surrender by starvation.

## The Court.

The Queen, the King of the Belgians, Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, Princess Beatrice, and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, attended Divine service on Sunday morning in the private chapel, Windsor. The Bishop of Worcester preached the sermon.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales walked over the estate of Sandringham, on Sunday morning, and in the afternoon the Prince and Princess of Wales rode on horseback.

The union jack from the church in the park is lowered half-mast, in consequence of the death of the Landgrave of Hesse, for whom the Princess of Wales is in mourning.

## DESTRUCTION OF A SHIP BY A WATERSPOUT.

The frontispiece of the *Penny Illustrated Weekly News* represents the following occurrence, as described by the *Ceylon Times*:—

"A sad loss of life has been occasioned by the wreck of a Government emigration vessel on the ferry between Paumotu and the coast. The *André Lecomte*, a barque of 150 tons, was bound from Vangalle to Paumotu, having on board 120 coolies and a crew numbering fourteen. At seven o'clock on the morning of the 5th instant, the tidfall noticed a large waterspout about ten miles to the north-east, but as he was steering due N.W. its presence did not occasion him any uneasiness, and he went below. There was a good breeze blowing at the time, and there had been a little rain in the early morning, confining the coolies to the hold. It seems that shortly before eight o'clock the waterspout was seen rapidly approaching the vessel, and the tidfall accordingly put her about to try and avoid it. However, all his efforts proved fruitless—the spout came nearer, and from the whirling motion at its base lifted the doomed ship about three feet out of the water, and instantly capsized her. All this had occurred so rapidly that the result was wholly unexpected on board, and most of the coolies were still below; out of the 120 only seven escaped by holding on to floating pieces of timber until two o'clock in the afternoon, when a passing ship picked them up. One of the crew was also drowned. The vessel became a total wreck, and sank in twenty-one feet of water."

## ATTEMPTED MURDER IN A REFORMATORY.

THE *Manchester Guardian* reports a tragical occurrence that took place on Saturday night at the Calder Vale Reformatory, at Mirfield. It appears that at about nine o'clock, Joseph Broadhead, a lad of seventeen, who acted as "kitchen boy" at the reformatory, proceeded to a room in which Mrs. Johnson, the wife of the schoolmaster, and her sister-in-law, Miss Louisa Johnson, were sitting. Having looked the door, he rushed at Mrs. Johnson, and made an attempt to stab her with a large carving-knife, but, perceiving his intention, she drew back, and thus evaded the blow. She fainted away, and remembers no more. Miss Johnson endeavoured to escape by the door, but was prevented from doing so by the youth, who savagely attacked her with the knife, and severely wounded her. One stab must have caused immediate death had not the point of the weapon been diverted by striking against one of the ribs. As it was, she received a wound several inches long, and of a very dangerous character, and another fearful gash was inflicted in her back. Assistance was obtained, and the unfortunate lady was carried away in an unconscious state. A magistrate was sent for to take her depositions, but up to midnight consciousness had not returned. Mr. Mayden, the medical attendant, is of opinion that several weeks must elapse before she will be in a fit state to undergo an examination. Broadhead has made a full confession. There does not appear to have been any previous ill feeling; on the contrary, the culprit admits that Mrs. Johnson had treated him like a mother. He states that the idea of perpetrating murder entered his mind on Wednesday, and that he could not rest until the deed was done. Had he accomplished his object, he asserts he should have taken as much money as he could find, and then have absconded. It seems he was sent to the reformatory for robbing an uncle, who resides at Barnsley, and had about two years to serve. He is now in custody, and it is said he expresses the deepest sorrow for what he has done.

THE *Constitutionnel* contradicts a statement made by some of the Paris journals that the Prince Imperial has been promoted to the rank of sergeant. The Prince, it states, is still corporal in the 1st regiment of Grenadiers of the Guard.

AN ENGLISH SHIP FIRED INTO BY THE SPANIARDS.—A letter was received in North Shields on Saturday morning last which caused considerable excitement in that seaport. By the letter it seems that the brig *Mountaineer*, the property of Mr. Steward, was passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, laden with Spanish grass, for the Tyne, and when off Tarifa Fort they were fired into by the Spaniards. The shot passed through the first and second shrouds of the main rigging, took a way both pump-heads, and went through the port covering-board. A man was pelting over the port side, and the shot struck him and killed him. It is well understood that ships have to salute this fort in passing by dipping their flags, and it is feared that the master has not observed this ceremony. Many ships have been fired into previously, but no person has been killed heretofore by a shot from the fort.

## General News.

THE fund for the defence of the Bishop of Natal now amounts to £2,000. The time has nearly elapsed at which the Bishop of Cape Town will formally declare the see vacant, and apply to the colonial authorities at home to appoint Dr. Colenso's successor. Meanwhile measures are being taken by the Bishop of Natal, acting under legal advice, to bring the proceedings of the Bishop of Cape Town before an English tribunal with as little delay as possible.

THE *Gironde* of Bordeaux says:—"The Confederate cruiser Georgia has entered the Gironde, to retaliate and effect some repairs. In consequence of the regulations which prevent vessels having gunpowder on board from coming into port, the Georgia has been obliged to anchor off Lormont, where she now lies. She is a fine vessel, carrying twenty guns and a crew of 310 men. A great number of persons have gone on board to see her, and have been received with the greatest courtesy."

THE other day, upon the arrival of the train from Brighton, at the Kensington Station, much to the astonishment of the passengers and surprise of the officers collecting the tickets and the company's servants generally, it was discovered that the wife of a Dissenting minister was suddenly seized with the pains of labour. Her condition was at first somewhat alarming, and a neighbouring medical man was summoned, who was immediately upon the spot. It was found impossible to remove the lady to her house, which was in the neighbourhood, but every means were taken to make the patient as comfortable as circumstances would allow. Eventually, however, aided by the skill of the medical gentleman, the lady was safely delivered of a daughter in the railway carriage. After the lapse of a short interval, she and the interesting little traveller by whom she was accompanied were conveyed to their home.

A FEAT requiring some agility in the performer was gone through by Captain Burnaby, of the Royal Horse Guards, near Boveney Lock, in the neighbourhood of Windsor. This gallant officer undertook, for a wager, to walk a quarter of a mile, run a quarter of a mile, hop a quarter of a mile, ride on horseback a quarter of a mile, and row a like distance on the river in a quarter of an hour, all which the captain duly executed, winning with four minutes and forty seconds to spare.

THE first instance of a woman passing a regular and formal examination for the medical profession took place at Apothecaries' Hall. Elizabeth Garrett duly passed her first examination at this hall, having complied with the regulations of the Apothecaries' Act, and therefore depriving the authorities of all right to refuse to examine her, had they felt disposed to do so, which is not stated to have been the case in this instance.

"THE annual report addressed to the Emperor of Russia," says the *Press*, "furnishes significant details respecting the actual state of the Russian army. It appears that in 1863 the Russian army in active service comprised 364,422 men of infantry, and 93,453 men for the special arms. In 1864 the infantry has been increased to 694,511 men, and the special arms to 114,159. To these numbers must be added 127,000 men charged with preserving order in the provinces, and 200,000 more appertaining to the reserve. The Russian army, therefore, forms a grand total of 1,185,670 men. What an enormous burden for the budget of a country. Surely, there can be no more eloquent condemnation of war than such figures."

THERE are immense differences in the estimates of the number of men now in the armies of the American Union. Some (says a Washington letter) make out that we have less men than we had a year ago, and some that we have more. The figures at the office of the provost-marshal-general show an increase of 406,000 to the armies since the 1st of January, 1863, there having been added 531,000 and lost 125,000. The official figures are as follows:—Enlistments from January 1 to November 1, 1863, 68,000; from November 1, 1863, to January 1, 1864, 110,000; from January 31 to February 28, 1864, 90,000; product of the draft, 1863, 49,000; deserters returned 28,000; invalid corps, 25,000; re-enlisted veterans, 100,000; black troops, 70,000; total, 631,000.

## Sporting.

## BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—100 to 15 agst Captain Christie's Gordian Knot (1); 7 to 1 agst Mr. Jackson's Veterinarian (1); 100 to 8 agst Count F. de Lagrange's Jarnicot (1); 100 to 7 agst Duke of St. Albans's Brindist (1); 20 to 1 agst Lord Stamford's Flying Fish (1); 20 to 1 agst Mr. W. Day's Volante (1 and off); 25 to 1 agst Mr. B. Angell's Lord Burleigh (1); 25 to 1 agst Lord Westmoreland's Marigold (1); 80 to 1 agst Lord Wilton's Stockinger (1 and off); 30 to 1 agst Mr. W. Day's Mail Train (off); 66 to 1 agst Count F. de Lagrange's Vivid (off).

METROPOLITAN HANDICAP.—5 to 1 agst Duke of Beaufort's Lord Zealand (1); 20 to 1 agst Mr. W. Day's Joco (1).

THE DERBY.—15 to 2 agst Mr. Merry's Scottish Chief (1); 14 to 1 agst Mr. Naylor's Coastguard (1); 16 to 1 agst Lord St. Vincent's Forager (1); 18 to 1 agst Lord Westmoreland's Birch-broom (1); 22 to 1 agst Mr. L'Anson's Blair Athol (1); 25 to 1 agst Lord Glasgow's First Flight (1); 25 to 1 agst Sir F. Johnstone's Historian (off); 5,000 to 150 agst Lord Glasgow's General Peel (1); 6,000 to 150 agst Mr. H. Bill's Copenhagen (1); 15,000 to 150 agst Mr. J. Barber's Laomedon (1); 1,000 to 10 agst Mr. Jackson's Veterinarian (1).

## RACING FIXTURES FOR APRIL.

Newmarket Craven	...	11	Leves Spring	...	19
Lianboldy	...	12	Cardiff	...	19
Liverpool Hunt Club	...	15	Newmarket First Spring	...	25

EDUCATION A LUXURY.—The Syndic of Mongiuffi Melia, in the jurisdiction of Messina, having received an invitation from the Provincial Council to send a young woman from the commune to follow the course of instruction given in the new normal school just opened in the city, returned the following answer:—"The commune of Mongiuffi Melia does not recognise the utility of female education, inasmuch as its women are for the most part employed in tending cattle and in providing for the wants of our daily life. Education is an article of luxury, admissible only in great cities, and never in poor and miserable communities. Even if the Government insisted on giving us a schoolmistress, she would infallibly die of starvation. At all events, the commune is unable to meet the charge of educating a young woman to become a schoolmistress. Consequently, the Council has unanimously decided that the commune wants no teachers, and that the application made to it by the provincial authorities be rejected accordingly."—*Gazette of Messina*.

A MAN WITH THREE WIVES.—At the City Police-court, Manchester, on Saturday, a young man, named William Molin, who had been a soldier, but was now in service as a footman, was charged with bigamy. After quitting the army he had married a young woman named Elizabeth Hunt, at the Manchester Cathedral, on the 8th of March, 1864. After an interval of three months he married a woman whose name is unknown, and for that offence he suffered three months imprisonment in Kirkdale gaol. In March, 1863, he married a woman named Sarah Bellary, at Christ Church, Greenheys. Three months after this he was on the point of being married to a fourth, when the first wife, who had been in ignorance of all that had previously passed, put a stop to the proceedings. The prisoner was committed for trial.—*Manchester Examiner*.



## THE WAR IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

The Times correspondent writes as follows from the headquarters of the Danish army:—

"I have mentioned, in some of my foregoing letters, a party of young Englishmen gathered at this place out of mere curiosity to see actual war, and have given my candid opinion of the rashness with which they have been all this time running into unnecessary danger. I have not named them hitherto because their conduct appeared to me neither sane nor rational. But they turned out in this affair quite the heroes of the day and, as I have permission to give their names, I believe it to be a duty to award them such poor meed of praise as my pen can impart. One of them is the Hon. Auberon Herbert, brother of the Earl of Carnarvon, another is his travelling friend, Mr. E. W. Hall; a third, Captain Alfred Bond. The Danish soldiers have been for several days familiar with them; some oddity in their costume, and their imperfect knowledge of any available language, having made them rather conspicuous. Seeing them often in the thick of the enemy's fire, without any reason or object, these good Danes observed that 'the English often labour under fits of the spleen, and when so afflicted are rather glad than sorry of any opportunity to get knocked on the head, and rid of that and all other complaints.' This day, however, the language of men and officers towards these gentlemen was very different. It was cheering to the soldiers on so hot an occasion to see mere unarmed civilians sharing their dangers; and when, in the thick of the fire, Mr. Herbert stepped out of his shelter at No. 4, and rushed with the ambulance to rescue the wounded almost from the midst of the foe, their blood staining that very buff coat which had been the subject of so many sneering comments, the enthusiasm of the troops for the brave 'Englander' knew no limits, endearing to their hearts the very name of the country from which these unlooked-for auxiliaries came. From these excellent eye-witnesses in the front, and from a variety of other sources, I learnt that the first attack of the Prussians was, as I had supposed, directed against No. 6, a bastion which they hoped to have silenced by their fire of the day before yesterday; that a contemporaneous onset had been made at a point between Nos. 8 and 9, whence the effort readily extended to the whole line. They saw the Prussian columns forming in good order at the village of Dybbøl, and coming on with brave spirit, till they were within the reach of the Danish cannon, when they turned and actually ran; they saw the Danes, in their turn, gather in large masses between the bastions, and issue forth in pursuit of the fugitives. The fight was limited to a mere exchange of infantry fire, as the Prussians did not wait for a hand-to-hand encounter. Our friends have no great opinion of the accuracy of aim of the Danish infantry, and think that, in point of small weapons, they are easily overmatched by the German sharpshooters. On the other hand, the fire from the Danish cannon is said by them to be excellent. It is very evident that this fire is more than the Prussians can well bear. The same phenomenon occurred which I mentioned in one of my letters as having been remarked on a former occasion—i.e., that the gentle and harsh means employed by the officers of that nation to induce their soldiers to face the cannon were equally unavailing. This morning hundreds of Danes assured me that they heard the enemy's officers cry 'Vorwärts! vorwärts!' and they also heard the dogged 'Nein, nein!' (No, no!) of the soldiers, who evidently thought they were the best judges of the amount of danger they should be called upon to incur, and of the nature of the obstacles they should be asked to overcome. 'Wherever a shell fell,' our friends aver, 'there the Prussian infantry was scattered like chaff before the wind.' Some of the picked regiments, however, showed a better countenance, and stood their ground more manfully."

A Prussian post conductor, who passed through Flensburg on the 30th ult., brought a piece of intelligence—stated by him to be authentic and perfectly notorious in the northern districts—to the effect that twenty-one Prussian hussars, who were located at a farmhouse about six miles to the north-west of Velle, had been surprised during the night by a party of Danish troops and had all been killed. It is supposed that the Danes had landed between Horsens and Velle. Should the intelligence be true it will probably be discovered that the Prussians neglected a caution given to them by General Dornum, the Austrian commander, as to leaving half their number on guard around their night quarters whilst the remainder slept.

## THE SUPPOSED SHIPWRECK OF AN ITALIAN FRIGATE.

The following report has been received from Captain Watson, of the ship Star of the West:—"On the 7th of March the Italian frigate Re Galatomo was fallen in with in lat. 49° 40', long. 46° 20', at 4 p.m., with masts and rigging gone and colours at masthead as if they wished to speak to us. At 5 p.m. tacked, steering southward by the wind until 6 p.m., the frigate at the time firing guns. Hove to about four miles to the leeward of the frigate. At 6.30 p.m. the frigate tried to speak us again, but could not be heard. At 7 p.m. we tacked again, passed close under the frigate's stern, and asked what they wanted. The reply was, 'We are an Italian man-of-war, and in a sinking condition.' We were asked to lay by the vessel all night, and to accompany her to the nearest port. We asked how many people there were on board, and the reply was, 'We have four hundred and six.' We promised to remain by the frigate during the night, and consequently shortened sail and kept by the wind. At 8 p.m. we fired a rocket, which was responded to by another from the frigate, and we then hove to about two miles to the windward. At 9 p.m. fired a blue light, which was answered by one from the frigate, the two ships being then about the same position. At ten p.m. fired a rocket and a blue light, but received no reply; and again, at 11 p.m., another blue light and rocket were fired, but there was no response. Wore the ship and ran to the eastward about three miles. Hove to on the starboard and lay until daylight, and again ran to the eastward, but the look-out at the masthead could see nothing of the frigate. At 6 a.m. hauled by the wind, supposing the frigate had kept before the wind. Shortly after 9 a.m. it commenced blowing a strong breeze from N.W., and the weather was moderately clear, but nothing more was to be seen of the frigate."

Our illustration in page 677 represents H.M. steam frigate Styx, which was despatched from Halifax in search of the disabled frigate, gallantly performing her mission.

**MARRIAGE OF A NEW ZEALAND CHINESE.**—At the parish church of St. Anne, Limehouse, Kamatera To Wharepapa, one of the New Zealand Chinese now residing at the Strangers' Home, Limehouse, was married to Elizabeth Reid, of the parish of Marylebone. The Rev. E. Day, B.A., was the officiating clergyman.

**THE NORFOLK SQUIRE AND THE PARSON.**—A Norfolk squire, Mr. J. Middleton, of Hainton, has been fined £5 for "indecent behaviour" in his parish church. The rector is Mr. Keppel (a relative of the Earl of Albemarle), whose sermons, it appears, were not to the taste of the squire, who lately adopted the plan of leaving the church just before the rector ascended the pulpit. On Sunday week, on entering and leaving the church, he turned round and "looked" towards a pew at the other end, in which were seated the rector's servants. This was the alleged "indecent behaviour" which Mr. Keppel said "vexed and disturbed" him. Mr. Middleton, on being summoned, offered to make a written apology, but Mr. Keppel—himself a magistrate—declined to accept it, and brought the case before his brother magistrates, who inflicted the full penalty of £5 and 15s. costs.—*Lincolnshire Chronicle*.

## ARRIVAL OF GARIBALDI IN ENGLAND, AND HIS GRAND RECEPTION.

[From a Special Reporter.]

THIS (Sunday) morning broke gloomily, and the weather, which up to last night had been bright and clear, was now as dreary, damp, and wretched as the most hypochondriacal could desire. We were still in the utmost uncertainty as to the time of arrival. Indeed it was during a conversation with well-informed people, and at the very moment of one gentleman proving by irrefragable argument that no boat leaving Gibraltar at the time specified, could, by any possibility, reach Southampton before to-morrow (Monday) at mid-day—just as we were severally arranging our plans as to the disposal of our leisure, that Mr. Wilkinson, one of the principal officials of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, rushed in, and demanded "were we ready?" As is not unfrequently the case in this world, that which had been declared impossible had come to pass, the Ripon was rapidly approaching, and the steam-tug Ald (placed at the disposal of Mr. Seely and some few other gentlemen by Captain Englewood), was now waiting to convey us on board. A hurried drive down to the tidal dock, some few minutes' delay, and we are puffing rapidly out of the harbour. Once off, I note that we are a party of some forty or fifty strong, and as we glide rapidly down the Southampton Water, with the low-lying Hampshire coast on the one side, and the remains of the New Forest on the other, we resolve ourselves into little groups—some pointing out objects of interest on the banks, other consulting as to the precise form of reception most likely to be acceptable to Garibaldi, and others, again, telling and listening to anecdotes as to his last visit to Southampton Water (about 1836), when he came to purchase a small vessel for Capri, and was the guest of the father of Miss Jessie White. Over and above Mr. Seely, there are a goodly list of men assembled on board in Garibaldi's honour. Yonder stands his grace the Duke of Sutherland, General Eber, Captain Roberts, and Mr. Austin Dolmage, who may be taken as fair representatives of one class of the general's friends. Messrs. Semenza, Serena, Viviani, and Negretti, as members of the Italian committee in London; Mr. Joseph Cowen, as the chairman of the Newcastle committee which presented Garibaldi with the sword which has been already named, and as a close and intimate friend of many years' standing; Mr. Richardson, as the member of the Common Council who is about to propose the presentation to him of the freedom of the City of London, and as his constant correspondent—may all be quoted as representing distinct bodies, each of which entertains an ardent admiration for the great man we are so soon to see. A cry of "There she is! coming round by Calshot Castle," and every eye is strained to obtain the first glimpse of the expected boat. After a little hesitation, and one or two misconceptions, we all see the masts towering up over the point to the right, and in a few more minutes the Ripon is completely visible.

A few more minutes, and we are eagerly scanning the faces of the passengers on deck, and one good-looking middle-aged gentleman, in a white hat, is immediately cheered in mistake for Garibaldi. When his modesty prompts him to retire below (as he does the instant he discovers our mistake) we look in vain along the line of faces for the grand head with which, either from personal knowledge or through the medium of the print-shops, we are all familiar. "There he is!" "No!" "Yes!" "No!" and our enthusiastic blundering is ended by our being brought up alongside. I was one of the first people on board, and after a few moments' hesitation as to which way we should turn, in the wilderness of ayahs, Anglo-Indians, lady passengers, invalids, children, and luggage, wherein we find ourselves, we hear that the general is in the saloon, and at once proceed thither. Our eager glances fail to find him, and after a hurried gaze up the long green-covered tables, and up and down the seats whereon are other ladies and more children, we only succeed in seeing the gentleman whose beard we had already cheered, and who looks as if he thought we were about to repeat our blunder. "The general is in his cabin," says a steward; and in a moment that cabin is full. The Duke of Sutherland, General Eber, and Mr. Seely, are the first to greet him. Mr. Dolmage considerably stands at the door to prevent any undue crowding; and the rest of us stand as near to it as we conveniently can, anxiously waiting our turns for introduction. I hear a full-toned but sweet voice saying "Better, better, I thank you much," in reply to inquiries as to his foot, some minutes before that voice's owner is visible to me, and it is impossible to avoid envying Mr. Negretti and Mr. Joseph Cowen as they are severally invited to greet their old friend. The cabin is by this time full, and the natural eagerness of those yet outside is so far unallayed, when by a change of positions I obtain my first glimpse of the general. He is seated on his couch, with sling cigar-case and courier's bag hung up over head. He is shaking hands warmly with "Friend Joseph Cowen," is asking after the good town of Newcastle, and graciously acknowledging to all around the many kindnesses he has received. Mr. Seely, who in the first instance had thought of conveying Garibaldi to Brooke House by a chartered steamer direct from the Ripon, had cheerfully waived his own proposition, and had acceded to the natural wishes of the mayor and municipality. The Duke of Sutherland's invitation to Stafford House had been warmly accepted, but still there was a hitch, and as most of the passengers by the tug had not been introduced, Garibaldi acceded with a cheerful "Better, better so," to a proposition that the question should be discussed in the saloon itself. Leaning on his walking-stick, and limping slightly, he proceeds, accompanied by all of us, to the cushioned seat at the end of the saloon. In truth a kingly-looking man, some five feet eight inches in height, he is broadly built, and his presence is pre-eminently commanding; he has a broad and lofty brow, soft and gentle eyes, which sparkle with humour and playfulness, a full-axed well-shaped nose, a massive jaw, indicative of power, and a smile which a woman might envy. He wore light and thin trousers, smartly made patent leather boots, a silver grey gabardine with a scarlet lining or hood, and an embroidered smoking-cap, which looked as if it had been worked by some fair admirer. A black silk handkerchief round the neck—of course no collar—and a light crimson bandana thrown loosely over the shoulders, completed a costume which, for picturesqueness, it would be difficult to equal. The impression produced on me was that I saw before me one who was

In strength a man, simplicity a child; and as he gave his cordial and hearty greeting to each new and old friend who pressed forward to clasp him by the hand, it was impossible to avoid the conclusion that we were in the presence of one eminently qualified by nature to sway a nation and secure its sympathies. In repose his countenance is lion-like in its gentle gravity and conscious strength; when animated, it lights up in a way I can only compare to the effect of sunshine upon an already beautiful landscape. He understands English perfectly, but speaks it with a slightly foreign accent, and it may interest some readers to know that on my shaking hands with him we reciprocated right heartily the peculiar grip only known to

Brethren of the mystic tie. Menotti Garibaldi, a finely-built, sailor-like young fellow, of some two and twenty, and Biadotto, his younger brother, who has been educated in England; Signor Basso, formerly a supercargo under Garibaldi, now his secretary, and as he is half playfully termed, his "chaplaim;" Signor Guerzoni, a member of the advanced Italian party, and whilom a fellow-senator of the general's, were all visible at intervals during our stay on board; while inquiries as to "the mill I helped you to build," and other details connected with life at Capri, prove that intimate friendships are being renewed

upon every side. But there is a cry for Garibaldi to come on deck, for we are nearing the end of our journey, the crowds are hurrying on the wharves, and the captain is anxiously waiting to show his honoured guest. Every ship within sight of us had its deck crowded, flags were waving from every mast-head, and all the available space around the dock is filled with cheering, handkerchief-waving, enthusiastic townspeople. The mayor is soon on the paddlebox by Garibaldi's side, and in a manly earnest speech, delivered with the general's hand in his, eloquently bids him welcome to England, above all welcome to Southampton, and informs him that a carriage is in waiting to convey him to his house. To all this Garibaldi replies, "Mayor, I am grateful; I will accept your hospitality." As the general sets foot on land (after warmly thanking Captain Rogers for his courtesy, and charging him with his compliments to the officers of the ship) a fair young lady is presented to him, and with a reverence evidently coming from the heart seizes his hand, and, despite all deprecatory gestures, raises it to her lips. He is next seated in the mayor's carriage, and driven off amid plaudits on all sides.

## GARIBALDI AT SOUTHAMPTON.

Fatigued with his journey and the excitement of his arrival, the general retired to the bedroom provided for him at the mayor's house at an early hour on Sunday evening. On Monday morning he accompanied the mayor to the Town Hall, where he received addresses. During the speech of the mayor, Garibaldi bowed constantly and with deprecatory modesty, whenever his name was mentioned or his achievements praised. After dwelling upon the gallantry and self-sacrifice which had distinguished Garibaldi's career, Mr. Brinton went on to say that for his own part he "regarded him as a king, as a king uncorrupted," which statement was received by the meeting with the utmost enthusiasm, and by the general with another of his gravely courteous semi-self-deprecatory bows. It was only when the words "and I hope that the day will come when you will wear a crown" followed, that a startled expression flitted across his face, as if he could not fully gauge the speaker's meaning, and were fearful that his motives had been misunderstood. But this was only momentarily, for the mayor made it apparent at the next instant that his allusion was to a celestial instead of a temporal crown, and concluded an admirable speech by informing Garibaldi that the whole of the enthusiasm with which he had been greeted on his landing had been brought together at a couple of hours' notice. Then came the town-clerk, who, mounting a chair, proceeded to read the address. In his compact rolled-up form, gaily decorated with ribbons, it had looked in the town-clerk's hands like a field-marshal's baton, adorned with the sacrificial fillet, but opened out and read, it proved to be a sensible matter-of-fact document, which very fairly expressed the sentiments felt by most Englishmen for Garibaldi. The general's reply was short but pertinent, and when, energetically striking his breast, with hands trembling with suppressed excitement, he said he was now glad that he had not sacrificed his life for his country, though if he had he should only have considered he had done his duty, there was more than one moistened eye in the room, and the "blessed air of the pure of heart," uttered half unconsciously by a gentleman at my elbow, seemed no hyperbole, but a mere natural expression, evoked by the transparent purity of the man before us. After this we had short speeches from the recorder and another gentleman, and the meeting adjourned to the pierhead to witness the embarkation of the party on board the Sapphire for Cowes. At Cowes itself there was the same enthusiasm, the same plaudits of banners, the same cheering, the same honest hearty welcome as that accorded to him at Southampton. Promising to attend a public dinner to be given in his honour at Newport, he seated himself in the first of the four carriages provided by Mr. Seely, and amid the plaudits of the assembled crowd drove off to Brooke House.

## FATAL ACCIDENT AT THE LATE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

Mr. Woods, the coroner for the western division of the county of Surrey, commenced an inquest at Guildford on the body of the Rev. Outhbert Earle, at the Drummond Arms Inn, Albury. The foreman of the jury was Lord Lovaine. The Coroner addressed the jury, after which they proceeded to view the body at the Albury Rectory. The only witness summoned was the son of the deceased.

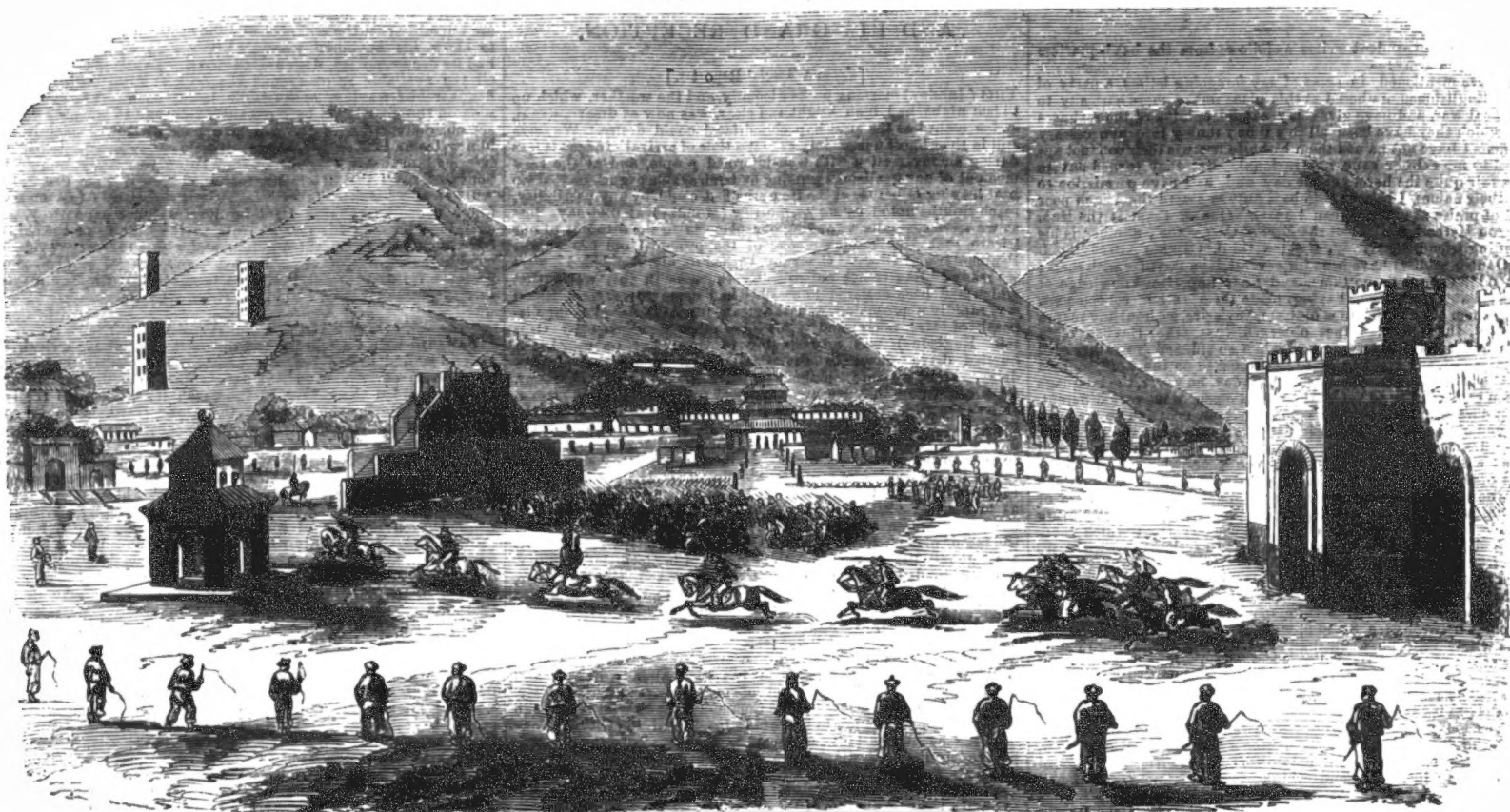
The Rev. Mr. Woodhouse, one of the jurymen, stated that he had seen a communication addressed to the deceased by Lord Gerald FitzGerald, the colonel in command of the Queen's Westminster, stating that he knew who the man was to whom the ramrod which struck the deceased belonged. Lord FitzGerald also stated that after the accident had occurred the ranks were gone down and the whole of the rifles examined, and one ramrod was found to be missing.

Benecford N. Earle deposed that he was the son of the deceased, who was sixty years of age. About nine o'clock on the morning of Monday he went to the review, and at about four o'clock he heard that his father had met with an accident, upon which he went to the hospital tent at Blackheath, where he saw his father lying on a bed. In about an hour afterwards he accompanied him home. Deceased did not give any detailed account of the accident, but only spoke a syllable or two and then paused. He stated that he had been shot by a ramrod, and that he pulled the pieces out himself and then fell down. Deceased died in about twenty-nine hours after the accident had occurred.

Henry Allnutt, paper manufacturer, of Chilworth, deposed that he was present on the ground at Blackheath. At about three o'clock he was walking behind the deceased near the grand stand. Deceased turned round and pulled a portion of a ramrod out of his body, and addressing him (witness) said:—"This part of a ramrod has been fired into my stomach." He only saw one piece. Deceased stood still for two or three minutes, but he was unable to walk, and he asked witness to lay him down on the grass, and he did so. There was no blood visible, and there did not appear to be any hole in the clothes. Witness left him for a time to give information to some friend, and on his return found him placed on a stretcher. At the time deceased was struck there were several regiments drawn up firing volleys. Witness and deceased were imprudently near he considered. They were within twenty yards of the party that were firing.

Mr. Charles Ede, surgeon, deposed that he attended the deceased at the hospital tent at about five o'clock. Deceased was lying on one of the beds, and the surgeons in charge of the tent stated that Mr. Earle had received two superficial wounds about half an inch in depth. Deceased was sensible, but very much exhausted. He accompanied deceased to his house and attended him up to his death. After death he examined the wounds, and they were both on the right. The wound in the abdomen was a contused wound, penetrating the cavity of the abdomen, and the probe passed in for about two inches. The large intestine had also been injured. There was an extensive bruise on the inner side of the right arm. Mortification had taken place, and was the cause of death. [The coroner suggested to the jury that the man who was supposed to have fired the ramrod should attend and have the opportunity of offering an explanation. Several of the jury objected to this course, but the coroner was of opinion that further evidence ought to be elicited.] One of the hospital surgeons (Mr. Ross) stated that no less than four ramrods were fired away. Several of the jurymen still objected to an adjournment, but the coroner subsequently adjourned the inquest until Monday next for the attendance of the commanding officer of the Queen's Westminster and several other witnesses. The jury expressed a strong feeling against the manner in which the review ground was kept.





MILITARY SERVICE IN CHINA.—EXERCISING RECRUITS.

## CHINESE MILITARY EXERCISE.

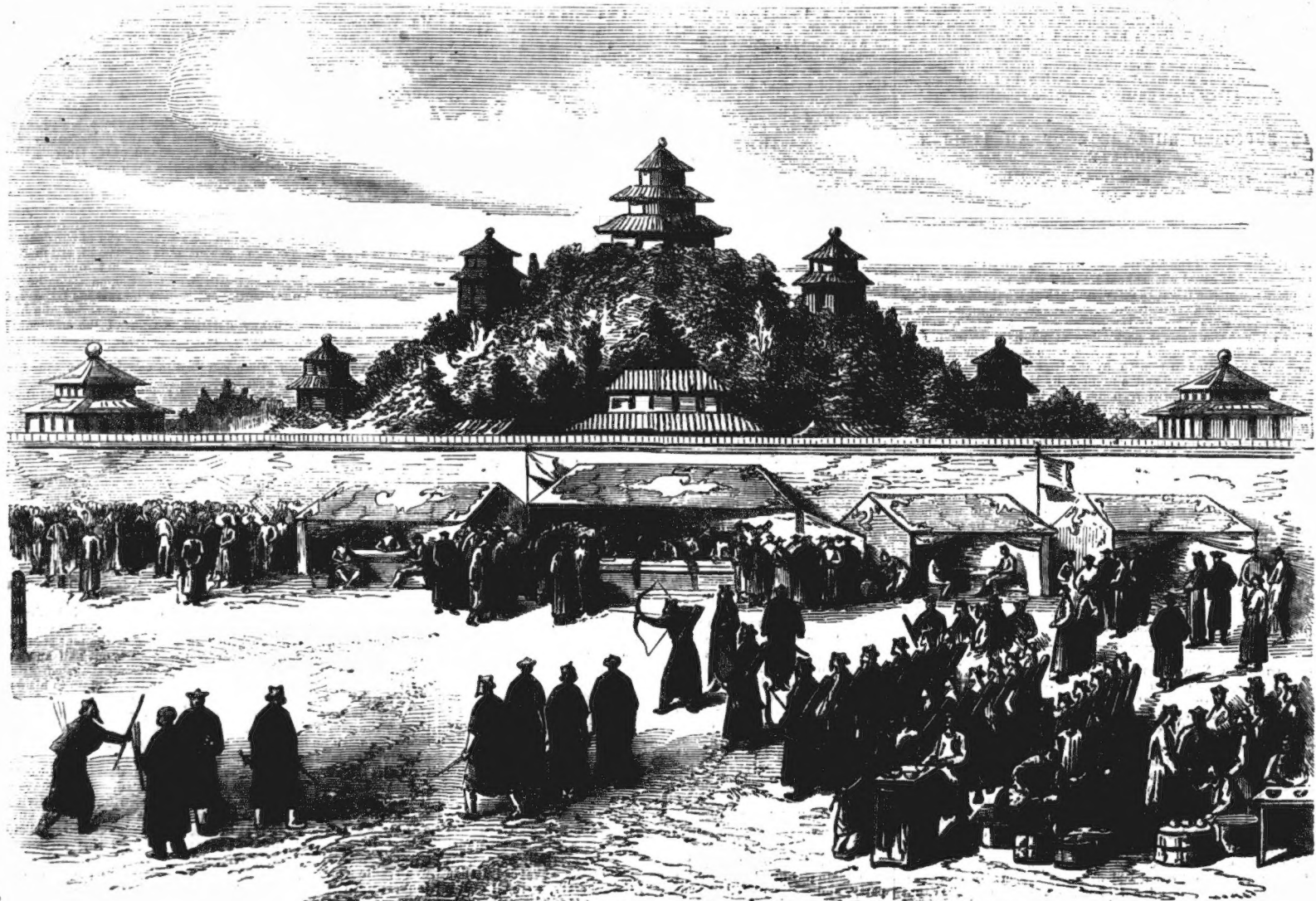
THE accompanying sketches, showing how John Chinaman trains his soldiers for the battle-field, will doubtless be interesting to our readers.

Before a Chinaman can be accepted as a soldier, it is necessary for him to submit to a very strict and practical examination—not in comic sections and metaphysics—but in handling those weapons on the proper use of which his success mainly depends. At Peking these examinations usually take place behind Kin-Chan-Wan or Soci-Chan, an artificial mountain consisting of coal, which, in the event of Peking being besieged by an enemy, might furnish fuel for the imperial palace. This mountain, with its five ridges, adorned with as many pavilions, is one of the ornaments connected with the

palace, and one of the seven principal objects of attraction at Peking. It is to one of these pavilions that the Emperor occasionally comes to witness the manoeuvres of the recruits. The generals and inspecting officers occupy tents, which are close to the outer wall of the imperial garden.

The examinations consist of supporting with outstretched arms a weight which varies from 80lbs. to 100lbs., a weight equal to the force required in shooting with the bow-and-arrow. At a distance of fifty paces they are required to hit the mark with three consecutive arrows. It is deemed necessary also that the recruits should be exercised at the capstan with a sword of the weight of 80lbs. The officers call forth the soldiers in turn, warning them to adhere strictly to the rules laid down, and threatening them with punishment in case of disobedience. The object of these exercises is to

acustom the soldier to the prescribed military attitude, and to train him to make the arrow fly with a rapidity equal to that of a cannon ball. The arrows are made of Indian cane, and feathered with Mongolian eagles' feathers. The bows are made of wood, cased in horn. The quivers consist of leather, and are divided into several compartments, in which the arrows of various sizes are placed. One compartment contains three of the largest arrows used: these are made of a hollow piece of wood, with many transverse holes, and are used by the Chinese when engaged in exercise, as well as in active warfare, when they wish to send messages to those on the side of the enemy who may be disposed to revolt. The note is placed in the hollow cavity, and the arrow is so directed as to fall into the hands of the soldiers supposed to be disaffected. In case of a siege also, by this process a medium of communication



MILITARY SERVICE IN CHINA.—EXERCISE AT THE CAMP YAN-CHE-WA.





SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM ON EASTER MONDAY.

is kept up with those outside, and sometimes the information sent back leads to the means of escape. Another compartment of the quiver is set apart for a smaller sized arrow than those already mentioned: they are all pointed with steel. The third kind of arrow, a number of which are kept in the quiver by themselves, has a trident at the end: this arrow is considered by far the most formidable weapon.

There are four kinds of bows, weighing respectively 70, 80, 90, and 100 lbs. The last are used merely at reviews or as a means of exercise, unless a giant in strength happens to be in the ranks; in that case the soldier uses the heavy weapon in actual warfare. During exercise days there is always a crowd to witness the proceedings. On these occasions the vendors of tea and hot wine have their stalls close by, at which the "thirsty souls" may procure

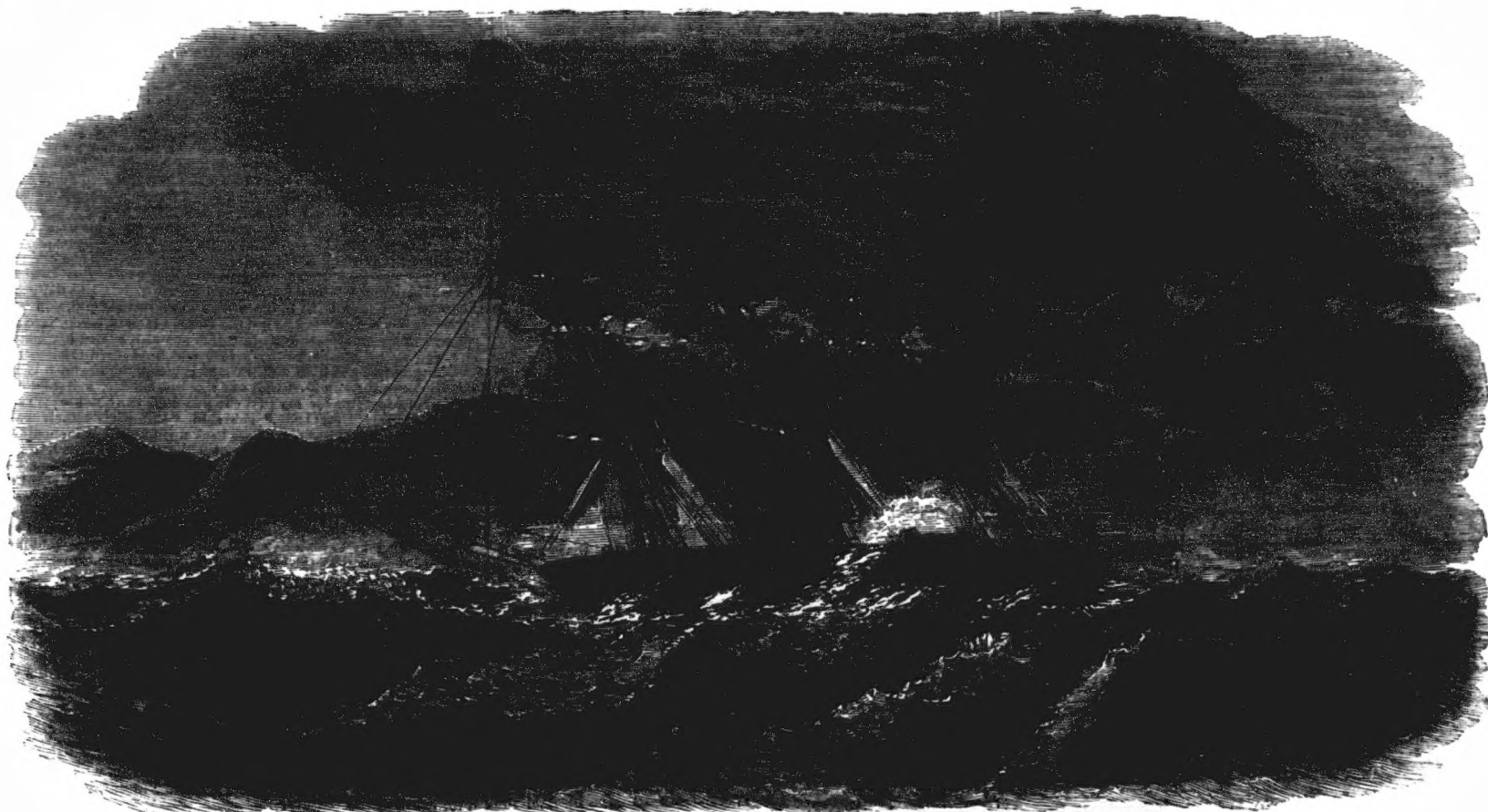
their favourite beverage. Policemen, some mounted, and others on foot, with scourges in their hands, are also in attendance to maintain order.

The grounds for the skirmishing of cavalry, and for the exercise of scaling parties, as seen in our illustration below, are kept by Chinamen with whips.

#### SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

DURING the Easter holidays this favourite and instructive place of resort was crowded with visitors. The numerous models and specimens of natural productions attracted the attention of the artisans, but it was to the picture-galleries that the great mass principally directed their steps. To the beautiful pictures in the

Sheepshanks Gallery have lately been added a collection of the works of Mulready. Our space will not permit us to enter into any detail of the many objects of interest to be seen in the museum. We can only mention that it contains a library, a museum of ornamental art, specimens of architecture and sculpture, models of machinery, gallery of pictures, &c. The interior, as will be seen from our illustration here given, shows an admirable arrangement. The rooms are lofty and well ventilated; while the painting and decorations are simple and in excellent taste. The corridors, vestibules, staircases, and all communications are spacious, and at every point something of interest is sure to attract the eye. We need scarcely add that the numerous visitors were highly delighted with everything to be seen in this admirable and interesting museum.



H.M. SHIP STYX IN SEARCH OF THE RE GALANTUOMO. (See page 675.)



THE PEOPLE'S EDITION OF  
**SHAKSPEARE,**  
ILLUSTRATED.  
TWO COMPLETE PLAYS IN EVERY NUMBER.  
ONE PENNY.

No. 1, to be published on Wednesday, April 13th, will contain  
"HAMLET" AND "OTHELLO,"  
WITH PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE, AND TWO ENGRAVINGS.  
ONE PENNY THE TWO PLAYS.  
A Complete Play for One Halfpenny.

No. 2, to be published on Wednesday, April 20th, will contain  
THE "WINTER'S TALE" AND "CYMBELINE,"  
WITH TWO ENGRAVINGS.  
ONE PENNY THE TWO PLAYS.

NOTICE.—The whole thirty-seven Plays, with Life and Portrait of the Author, will be complete in Nineteen Penny Numbers. Ask for the People's Edition.

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**"SHAKSPEARE" FOR THE MILLIONS.**

The celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson very justly observed that "Shakspeare had long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit." His name has become immortal; and his works, as they have descended from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission. The secret of this marvellous success is that Shakspeare is, above all others, the poet of nature, ever holding up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. He has, moreover, united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow, not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and in the development of their plot, sometimes produces gravity and sadness, and sometimes merriment and laughter. Thus, throughout all time, must the popularity of Shakspeare endure; and the fame of the Bard of Avon will go down to the latest posterity. At this present moment, especially, is the image of the poet in every mind, and his name upon every tongue. The month of April, now at hand, marks the three hundredth anniversary of his birth. The event is to be celebrated in diverse ways in different places:—but it would appear as if the most becoming and suitable method of commemoration in this case would be the placing of the poet's works within the reach of the great masses of the population.

**AN EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE**

FOR  
THE MILLIONS;

to be got up in the most elegant style, and issued at the cheapest possible price.

In fulfilment of this design, the Public are respectfully informed that on Wednesday, April 13, the First Number will be ready for delivery, Price One Penny. It will consist of sixty-four pages of letter-press, and two engravings, and contain

**HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK;  
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.**

This number will be offered as a specimen of those which are to follow. The entire work, comprising the whole thirty-seven Plays, will be completed in eighteen numbers, Price One Penny each, thus forming the cheapest and most attractive edition of Shakspeare's dramas ever issued from the press.

No. 1, in illustrated coloured wrapper, with a portrait of the great poet. Price One Penny. Give early orders.  
London: JOHN DICKS, No. 313, Strand.

**HOGARTH'S PICTURES.**

There are few persons who are unacquainted with the name of that great artist, who may have been said to write rather than paint with the brush; but there are vast numbers to whom his admirable works are completely unknown. That this class of persons should desire to have a knowledge of these master-pieces of art is natural enough; and it is somewhat a matter of astonishment that the spirit of enterprise should not have already placed them within the reach of "the millions." There can be no doubt that the merits of these pictures would be universally appreciated, in the poorest cottages as they have long been in the proudest mansions; and if cheap literature places the works of the great master of dramatic writing in the hands of the humblest purchaser, it assuredly may accomplish the same in respect to the equally great master of dramatic painting. For as SHAKSPEARE stands at the head of one school, so does HOGARTH occupy the loftiest pedestal in the other; and the latter has displayed with the pencil as much versatility of genius as the former has shown with the pen in illustrating the familiar scenes of life.

These few observations are prefatory to the announcement of the immediate publication of a

**CHEAP EDITION  
OF THE**

**WORKS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH;**

to be issued in Weekly Penny Numbers and Monthly Sixpenny Parts. Each Weekly Number will contain eight large quarto pages, two Pictures, with descriptive letter-press from the pen of one of the most eminent authors of the day.

The Monthly Parts will be issued in illustrated coloured wrappers, and may be sent free by post for an extra penny.

The work will be got up in the handsomest style, no expense being spared to produce engravings worthy of the great originals. A fine paper will be used; and, altogether, the volume, when complete, will be a perfect miracle of beauty and of cheapness.

Hogarth's subjects are chosen from common life, amongst all classes of society, in his own country, and in his own time. His style may be characterised as "the satirical,"—the satire being sometimes humorous and comic, sometimes grave, bitter and tragic. His comic-satirical vein may be seen in the Enraged Musician, the March to Finchley, Beer Lane, &c.;—his tragico-satirical vein is exemplified in the Harlot's Progress, the Rake's Progress, Gin Lane, &c. The series of Industry and Idleness and of Marriage a la Mode contain pictures in both these veins. In all his works, Hogarth unmercifully chastises—and lays bare the vices and weaknesses of mankind, and displays them with the cruellest minuteness. At the same time he never departs so widely from nature as to mar the effect of his composition.

OBSEVE!—On Wednesday, April 20th, Number I will be issued in an illustrated coloured wrapper, containing the Portrait of Hogarth, and the first two Pictures of the series entitled *Marriage a la Mode*, with four large quarto pages of descriptive letter-press. Price One Penny.

It is particularly requested that intending purchasers will give their orders early to their respective booksellers, and that the booksellers themselves will adopt the proper precaution to ensure an adequate supply, so that no disappointment may be experienced in any quarter.

In small or remote places, where a difficulty arises in obtaining cheap serial publications, any intending purchaser may forward seven postage-stamps to the publisher, in order to receive the Monthly Part through the post.

London: JOHN DICKS, No. 313, Strand.

**DORA RIVERSDALE.**

**A TALE OF SORROW.**

This New and Beautiful Story will commence in No. 74 of

**BOW BELLS.**

The most Popular Illustrated Magazine of the Day. Pronounced by the World and the Public Press to be the Marvel of Cheap Literature. One Penny Weekly; Sixpence Monthly. Send two stamps for Specimen Copy to

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**LOVE AGAINST THE WORLD.**

**AN ORIGINAL TALE OF THE AFFECTIONS.**

Will commence in No. 75 of

**BOW BELLS.**

The most Popular Illustrated Magazine of the Day. Pronounced by the World and the Public Press to be the Marvel of Cheap Literature. One Penny Weekly; Sixpence Monthly. Send two stamps for a Specimen Copy to

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**NOTICE!**

Next Saturday's Number of the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS will commence a Series of Illustrations of  
**GARIBALDI'S RECEPTION IN ENGLAND.**  
Sketched by our Special Artist.  
London: JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand.

**CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.**

D.	D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W. L. B.	
			A. M.	P. M.
9	S	Death of Lord Bacon, 1626...	3 41	4 0
10	S	Second Sunday after Easter ...	4 21	4 41
11	M	George Canning born, 1770 ...	4 59	5 19
12	T	Gold discovered in Australia, 1850 ...	5 40	6 2
13	W	Catholic Relief Bill passed, 1829 ...	6 25	6 50
14	T	Princess Beatrice born, 1857 ...	7 15	7 47
15	F	Easter Term begins ...	8 22	9 1

Moon's changes.—First Quarter, 14th, 12h. 9m. a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. Num. 23 24; Acts 7.

AFTERNOON. Num. 25; Heb. 12.

**NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

\* All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

To OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and RETNOLD'S NEWSPAPER sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313, Strand.

\* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

A. R.—Walkinghorse's "Tutor's Assistant," price 2s., published by Routledge and Co., Farringdon-street.

B. R.—Procure Mog's "Map of London," price 1s., at any respectable bookseller's or at the railway stations.

E. C. J.—Apply to Mr. William Eaden, solicitor, No. 10, Gray's-inn-square. He will advise you whether to become a bankrupt, or to endeavour to effect a compromise with your creditors.

Would-be Mischiefman.—Apply to Messrs. Dawbarn, Brothers, ship and colonial brokers, No. 10, St. Mary Axe, Leadenhall-street. These agents can always find berths in good ships for young gentlemen who are prepared to pay premiums to enter the merchant service as midshipmen.

W. T. W.—An ordinary case of divorce costs about £30. Relative to a solicitor to conduct it, see answer to E. C. J.

OSIRIS.—Othello is esteemed the noblest of Shakspeare's characters, and lago as being the most skillfully drawn.

MARY.—A young man having obtained money from a young lady to furnish a house prior to marriage, and failing to do so, or otherwise disposing of the money, may be prosecuted for felony.

P. O.—Clerks in the General Post-office are examined in writing from dictation to test handwriting and spelling; and arithmetic, including reduction, rule of three, and practice.

EMILY P.—By 7th Wm. III. (1695) a tax was laid upon bachelors of more than twenty-five years of age. It amounted to £12 10s. for a duke, and 1s. for a common person.

**THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.**

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD

DURING the reign of the Emperor Nicholas in Russia no one was surprised at accounts of atrocities unknown and unheard of in civilized countries. In those inhuman times neither age nor sex was excepted from corporal punishment. The monster Constantine, who governed Poland as viceroy, and himself married a beautiful Pole was constantly in the habit of ordering Polish women to be flogged not for crimes against the law, but for political opinion, or the wearing of colours that indicated a political opinion. In the year 1830, if we remember rightly, one of the principal hotels at St. Petersburg was kept by one Demuth and his wife, a born Russian, having been denounced by a police spy, a Russian prince (princes in Russia are as plentiful as blackberries in September), as having spoken rather freely of one of the Dames de la Cour, Madame Demuth was seized, bound, stripped, and flogged by the police authorities in her own house. The sensation this produced at Vienna at the close of 1830 was intense, and when the revolution broke out at Wina and Warsaw in the following year the sympathies of the Viennese were breast high with the Poles. In Galicia facilities of concealment and escape were afforded to Poles flying from pursuing Russians, for the Austrian Government did not at that moment dare to run counter to public opinion. Yet Austria at that period was despotically governed; the narrow-minded Emperor Francis still lived, and Metternich was all-powerful. True, the governing power was leaden and heavy-handed, but it was not stolid or stupid, and certainly it was not brutal. It was not, indeed, till seventeen or eighteen years after this period that woman-flogging was heard of in Austria, and then it was resorted to, in 1849 and 1850, by the monster Haynau, who was not an Austrian born, but a veritable Hessian, being the natural son of William I, the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, by Madame de Lindenthal. The manner in which this brutal soldier exercised his authority was so ferocious that the Austrian Government was forced to deprive him of all military authority in July, 1850. He left the army and the country which he disgraced by his inhumanity at the close of August, and in the month of September, 1850, arrived in England. The infamy of his evil deeds had preceded him hither, and it is in the remembrance of all that when he visited Barclay and Perkins's brewery, some fourteen years ago, brewers' dray-men and populace all joined in one loud diapason of disgust and indignation at his cowardly conduct. The inhuman monster speedily left these shores for Brussels. There, as well as here, the populace taunted him with his dastardly and inhuman conduct to women, and received him with shouts of execration. From Brussels he proceeded to Paris; but though the police in that capital afforded him protection from actual manual violence, yet he could sufficiently read in the expression of every passing visage indications of loathing and contempt. He did not remain much longer in France than in this country or Belgium, and quickly returned to his fatherland. There, whether from the stings of conscience or remorse, he was seized with apoplexy, and died on his way to the waters of Grafenberg in 1853. Since the period of his death Austria has undergone great changes. The military power of the empire has been humbled and chastised. The Emperor Francis Joseph has been induced to grant representative institutions to his subjects, and fifteen or sixteen months ago many in these kingdoms were hopeful enough to think that a career of progression and improvement was opening out to Austria. But since the outbreak of the

Polish insurrection, many of those who were not originally unfriendly to Austria have since cause to change their opinion. They are constrained to think that Austria is acting in perfect complicity with Russia and Prussia, and that the constitution and representative institutions granted by the Emperor may be but mere conventionalisms, delusions, mockeries, and snares—anything, in a word, but reality. That very Galicia which, in 1831, was a refuge and shield for Russian Poles, is now, according to the *Journal des Debats* and the *Presse*, the theatre of acts as atrocious as any occurring in 1831 at Warsaw under the Grand Duke Constantine, or at Wina under the senator Novosiltzoff. For more than a month past councils of war have been in full activity at Lemberg. They dispose at least of four cases daily. People of both sexes are condemned each week—indeed, each day—to corporal punishment for the most trifling offences. The slightest annoyance to a sentinel is deemed worthy of corporal punishment. Many youths and men have for this heinous crime undergone corporal punishment either with clubs or rods. This is brutal enough when applied to the male sex, but what an abomination is it when applied to women! Yet women have been knouted and flogged in the month of March of this year of grace, 1864, not in autocratic Russia, but in constitutional Austria—Austria with two chambers possessing liberty of speech and discussion. Is there no man with a heart within his bosom among the hundreds of men in the Upper or Lower Chamber of Austria who will denounce these horrors? Is there no deputy, gentle or simple, titled or untitled, in Austria who will ask for the decision of the court, military or civil, prevotal or mixed, which condemned Julia Chorostouka, aged thirty-four, mantau-maker at Lemberg, to be flogged? Is there no one who will ask for what crime Catherine Sambarska, domestic servant, has been ordered to receive a like punishment? Fourteen years ago Austria repudiated and disgraced the monster Haynau for woman-flogging. Shall it be said that the Austria of 1864 is more brutal and barbarous than the Austria of 1850?

GARIBALDI is in England. At the port where his coming was looked for, all the town was astir in eager expectation to hail the man whom, of all others, posterity will name the hero of a most unheroic age. Southampton is famous for its historic welcomes and partings, and it is due to its energetic and enterprising citizens to acknowledge that none know better how to do the honours of their country. All England was present in spirit on Sunday at West Pier; in spirit, all England went out to meet the Ripon, bearing the martyr and confessor of European freedom to our happy shores; all England stood on tiptoe to catch sight of that battle-worn and weather-beaten face and figure; in spirit, all England thronged the streets and gathered on the housetops to salute the actual living presence of ideal valour and virtue. It is difficult for chroniclers of the passing moment to seize the full significance of an event so simple in itself as the visit to this country of an Italian leader of volunteers. But there can be no doubt that our posterity will recognise its importance as contemporary opinion throughout the continent of Europe recognises it now. The chief of the defenders of Roman freedom, the leader of the "thousand" of Marsala, the conqueror and dictator of a kingdom, who in the early morning silently unmoored his little boat and withdrew—poor in all but the priceless purity of his honour and the immortal inspiration of his example—unto the silence and obscurity of a peasant's home—such a man as this is something more than the representative of his country's cause; he represents the everlasting aspiration of mankind to a better world here below than kings and priests have tolerated yet.

**A CHILD BURIED ALIVE.**

At the Oxford assize, Hester Jordan, 24, servant, was charged under a recent Act, with unlawfully abandoning and exposing her child under the age of two years, whereby the child's life was endangered, at Haddington, near Cheltenham, on the 5th of October.

Mr. Fallon prosecuted, and Mr. Sawyer defended.

The evidence revealed a sad case. The prisoner, a modest-looking young woman, had been many years living as a respectable servant at Cheltenham. She was seduced, and when near her confinement went into the workhouse. Here the child was born. In a few days from its birth the mother took it away and went into lodgings. One day she went out into the country to visit a friend. From thence she went away with the child in the evening and next morning returned without it. She stopped at her friend's house during the day, and in the evening about eight o'clock went out for a walk with another young girl. She had gone away but a short time before her friend went out into his garden. Presently he heard a faint cry like the mew of a cat. He searched among the kidney beans, but could see nothing. The cry was repeated and he got a lantern. In one spot he saw that the earth had been freshly turned. He scratched the mould aside with his hand. An inch or two beneath the surface he saw a piece of flannel. Suspecting the truth he ran from the spot and made an alarm. He met the prisoner in the garden and told her that he had found buried beneath the mould a child, which he believed to be hers. She denied it. Together they then went to the spot, and there, cold and stiff, and buried in the mould, they found the child. It was taken into the house, and the mother, though in words she still denied her maternity, yet, moved by the mother's love which yearned towards her offspring, nursed the babe and warmed it before the fire until it revived. Then she admitted that she was the mother, and told the policeman who came for her that she had done the act because she was destitute. "Everybody," she said, "had turned their back upon me. My father had turned his back upon me. But I shouldn't have left it there long. I could not have slept if I had." She cared for the child, and behaved towards it as a true mother. It died, however, at ten o'clock on the morning after the night on which it had been exposed, and the mother was sought to be made amenable under the recent Act. Her counsel remarked that this case was one of the saddest that had ever come under his notice, and appealed to the jury to disbelieve the imputation that she wantonly exposed her babe with the intention of leaving it to perish. The surgeon did not think that death was the result of the exposure, though it might have been hastened by it. Death seemed to have been chiefly caused by convulsions to which the child had been subject.

The jury found the prisoner "GUILTY" of a misdemeanour, and sentence was deferred.

The poor girl seemed to suffer the greatest anguish during the trial.

THE vicarage of Tunbridge, Kent, vacant by the death of the late Sir Charles Hardinge, has been conferred on the Rev. John T. Mauley, M.A., incumbent of Mortlake, Surrey. The living of Bowde, near Devizes, Wilts, worth £156 per annum, with residence, is vacant by the death of the Rev. Edward Vincent, who has held it for nearly half a century.



## THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

THE past week opened favourably for out-door gardening, and though the weather is still cold for April, still we have not much to fear now from frosts. The general features and advice given in our last may still be pursued with respect to the

## GARDENING OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

**KITCHEN GARDEN.**—Sow beet for a general crop on deep, rich soil.—Broccoli should be removed as soon as the heads are out, as the stumps only harbour slugs.—A good sowing of Brussels sprouts for winter use should be got in at once. For small gardens the dwarf sort is most suitable—those recommended in our last; but where there is plenty of room the Dalmien sprouts should be got in early.—Continue sowings of cabbage for winter and spring use. If autumn sown plants are scarce, as they are this year, the present sowings should be got forward as early as possible, by pricking out the plants on a warm border, and watering when necessary.—Cardoons should be sown in trenches where they are to stand. The trenches should be from three to four feet apart, prepared the same way as for celery, the seed dropped in at intervals of eighteen inches.—Prick out young seedling cauliflowers on a warm border for hardening off. Continue small sowings for a supply through October and November.—Keep the shoots of cucumbers well regulated, as their fruitfulness depends mainly upon it. Another week or so will be time enough for ridge cucumbers.—Finish planting, where possible, for horseradish and Jerusalem artichokes.—A small sowing of kidney beans may be made on a light, rich, warm border. Wilmar's early buff speckled is about the best for this season.—Sow leeks for a late crop. The ground should be well manured.—Continue sowings of lettuce on warm borders, as directed last week.—In making mushroom-beds, to produce during the summer, mix loam with the dung to give greater solidity to the bed.—Sow nasturtiums for pickling; also onions for pickling: the silver-skinned should be sown thick on poor ground.—Still plant potatoes for main crop.—Peas, as recommended last week. The Royal Dwarf, or Tom Thumb, are both good bearers, only growing a foot high; the Early Emperor, Early Kent, Daniel O'Rourke, or Early Champion, are all good sorts, growing about three feet high.—Continue growings of radishes fortnightly: the olive shaped scarlet is a superior variety.—Sow rhubarb on a warm, sheltered border of rich soil. When the plants are sufficiently strong, plant out in rich, deep, and well-trenched ground.—Scarlet runners may be got in in sheltered spots. The safest plan will be to sow thick in a protected warm bed, or, for small gardens, in tubs, and then transplanted. Sweet herbs of all kinds should be carefully attended to, and the annual herbs sown at once.—Tomatoes and vegetable marrows should be sown in heat.—Keep the hoe at work to destroy weeds; earth up early cabbages, cauliflowers, beans, peas, &c.; sprinkle soil with liberal hand all over the ground, as it will act as a stimulant to vegetation, and will prevent the increase and attacks of insects.

**FLOWER GARDEN.**—There is no time to be lost now in the flower garden. It should now be dressed and made neat, walks re-gravelled, and grass sown thickly on bare parts of lawns or sidings. Hardy annuals, such as mignonette, sweet peas, convolvulus, &c., should be sown. Plant carnations in beds or borders. Sow and plant climbing plants to run over arbours or fences. Plant evergreens for hedges; prune and clip where needful. Sow and propagate pansies by cuttings. Sow polyanthes on a warm border, on a light soil, leaf mould, loam, and a little sand. Keep the ground well closed round ranunculuses: fill up cracks that may appear in beds in dry weather.

**FRUIT GARDEN.**—Grafting may still be performed. Finish pruning vines. Fruit trees of all kinds should be well pruned, cutting away all dead shoots and ends. Recently planted standards to be staked. Spread plenty of litter, rotten dung, or tan, to protect the roots.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.**—For red, you can select from the *Anagallis grandiflora* Parkeri, *Centranthus macrostemon*, *Dianthus aeneus*, and the *Silene aemula*, each growing about a foot high; for white, *Alyssum maritimum*, *Saponaria calabrica* rosea, and the *Schizopetalon Walkeri*, each growing about six inches; and for blue, *Dutch lupins*, *Ageratum Mexicanum*, *Catananche corulea*, and major convolvulus, each growing from a foot and a half to two feet.

**BLUE BELL.**—For asters, balsams, carnations, and pinks, the best plan is to sow at once, if not already done, in artificial heat of about 60 degrees in shallow pans, on a light soil, and watered sparingly. When strong enough, potted singly in small pots, and finally hardened off and shifted in the middle of May.

**R C (Derby Bay).**—Grange's Early White Cape, and Dancer's Pink Cape, are both superior kinds of broccoli for autumn produce.

**H. P. (Gauldford).**—You can sow endive during the present month; but must not depend on it for a general crop, as the plants are liable to run to seed. The end of July is the best time.

## THE MINISTRY.

It is with much regret we announce that the Duke of Newcastle has been compelled by increasing ill-health to resign the seals of the Colonial Department. In compliance with the anxious desire of his colleagues he continued until Saturday last to discharge with characteristic fidelity the duties of his office; but his constitution, enfeebled by several recent attacks of unusual severity, required absolute repose, and he has been at last induced by the exigencies of his physicians to seek that relief from labour which a less energetic mind would have claimed at a much earlier period.

Mr. Cardwell, who first entered the present Government as Secretary for Ireland, which post he exchanged for the almost sinecure office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, will succeed the Duke of Newcastle as Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Lord Clarendon, who first entered the Cabinet in 1840 as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, but has since held some of the highest offices of the State, having been five years Viceroy of Ireland, and five years Foreign Secretary, has consented to accept the comparatively humble office with which he commenced his distinguished career, and will succeed Mr. Cardwell as Chancellor of the Duchy.

## THE AUSTRIANS IN JUTLAND.

THE *Sticks* publishes the following correspondence from Copenhagen:—

"I have very important news to send to you to-day. Two days since the Austrian army suddenly abandoned the positions it held round Fredericia, an act which our most able strategists could not explain. The reason has been discovered. All the Hungarians belonging to the Austrian army, officers as well as men, had agreed to pass over to the Danes, to join them in fighting the common enemy of their nationality. General Gablenz was informed of the conspiracy only a few hours before it was to be carried out. He immediately ordered a retreat from Fredericia. An investigation was instituted, which resulted in a number of Hungarian officers and men being sentenced to death. A private letter from a Danish officer, which reached Copenhagen this evening, and which I have before me, states that the number sentenced was not less than 300. So much is certain, that the night before last heavy platoon firing was heard in the Austrian quarters, probably the execution of the sentence."

## EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE.

A CASE which has been matter for much gossip in Worcestershire came before the magistrates sitting in special session at the Hundred House, Witley, Worcestershire, on Saturday. The magistrates present were Sir T. E. Winnington, M.P. (chairman), Rev. W. F. Raymond, Rev. O. F. Turner, Rev. H. J. Hastings, Dr. James Nash, and Mr. E. Vernon.

Earl Dudley was charged, on the information of Maria Ann White, that he did beat and assault her on the 12th of March last, at Witley-court, without lawful cause. There was also a counter charge against Mrs. White by Earl Dudley of assault, but his lordship explained that this was merely a matter of form, in order to enable him to make a statement on oath, which he could not do as defendant. Of course, added his lordship, the idea of an assault and battery committed by a woman on a man was absurd.

Mr. Currier, solicitor, of Worcester, attended to conduct the case on behalf of his lordship; Mrs. White conducted her own case.

The charge arose in this way:—Mrs. White now takes the name of Southey, as she has separated from her husband, and is now living with a billiard-marker named Southey, at Worcester. Southey claims a debt of £1,100, as due from Earl Dudley's brother, the Hon. Dudley Ward, to him, as money won at billiards, and had made an application to Earl Dudley as the head of the family to pay the debt, or some part of it, the debt being a debt of honour. Earl Dudley admitted that if it had been a tradesman's debt, or money borrowed, the debt might be a matter for his consideration, but he repudiated any claim upon him for a gambling debt. Southey, having laid his claim before his lordship, Earl Dudley told him at once that he would not entertain the claim for a moment. Subsequently Mrs. White, under the name of Mrs. Southey, waited upon his lordship at Witley-court, with a letter from Lady Shaftesbury, and thus obtained admission, and again pressed the claim. His lordship heard her throughout, and in the end gave her the same reply as he had given Southey. On the 12th of March last she again came to Witley-court, and was shown to the library by the servant. On his lordship being told the name of the person waiting he refused to see her; and, as she persisted in waiting, he went to the room and turned her out. The principal witness examined in support of the information was

Maria Ann White, a woman about thirty-five, of ladylike manners and great self-possession, who deposed that she lived with Mr. Southey in Sansome-place, Worcester. Had been married, and legally separated from her husband. On the 12th of March she drove over to Witley-court, the seat of Earl Dudley, in a cab, to see his lordship, and sent in her name, "Mrs. Southey." Was shown into his lordship's library, and the servant came to her and said Earl Dudley was engaged. She said she could wait, as she wished much to see him, and the servant then said that his lordship would not see her. She became ill, and asked to see the housekeeper. The servant retired, and just after Earl Dudley entered the room, and said, "Well, Mrs. Southey, I have already sent to the police at Worcester to have you watched." He then seized her by the right arm, and dragged her towards the door. She begged him to loose her, but he dragged her to the door, and called to his servant, "Weeks." Witness begged his lordship to loose her, and said if he did not she would try and make him. She then seized him by the whiskers, on which he put his arms round her and held her hand down so that she was powerless, and pushed her into the hall. When he had pushed her to within three steps of the door he loosed her, and she passed out. She had not been desired to leave the house. When she received the message that his lordship would not see her she gave up all hope of seeing him, but was unwell, and wanted to see the housekeeper.

The witness was cross-examined at considerable length by Earl Dudley. She admitted that, after she had the first interview with Earl Dudley, she had got a letter from Lady Shaftesbury, and had used it as an introduction to his lordship's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Cloughdon, at Kidderminster, and to Lady Ward. She did not see Lady Ward, but saw Mrs. Cloughdon. Lady Shaftesbury did not give her a direct letter of introduction, but told her her name might use her name. When she went the first time to Witley she sent in the name of Mrs. Southey, and passed herself as Mrs. Southey. She represented that she came over to Witley in reference to a certain claim which Mr. Southey had on a member of Earl Dudley's family. Her object was to endeavour to prevail on his lordship to pay a debt that was due to Mr. Southey from the Hon. Dudley Ward. The letter from Lady Shaftesbury was read. It was to the following effect:—

"Lady Shaftesbury presents her compliments to Mrs. Southey, and in answer to a letter from her, begs to say that Lord Shaftesbury is too much occupied to give her an interview, but if Mrs. Southey will call on Lady Shaftesbury she will give her a few minutes' interview."

The witness continued. Her ladyship gave her an interview of half an hour and she told her her case. Being asked by his lordship to say what took place at her first visit to Witley-court, she denied that his lordship said on entering the room, "I beg to know to what I am indebted for the pleasure of this visit." On the contrary, he seated himself on the table, placed his fists in a very ungentlemanly manner, to say the least, and leaned forward and said, "What's your business? Do you reside in Worcester?" His manner was such that she rose from her chair and said, "Earl Dudley, I am Mr. Southey's wife." Was rather discomposed by Earl Dudley's manner, but endeavoured to make him understand what she came there about, which was to explain their position, in the hope that his lordship would help them, or help his brother to do so. Earl Dudley, however, walked up and down the room, and talked so much that she could not tell all she wanted. He did not give her the chance of telling him. The witness further said, in answer to other questions, that she was legally separated from a bad husband, and she produced a paper purporting to be a deed of separation.

Frederick Phillips, the cabdriver who took the complainant to Witley-court on the 12th of March, was called to prove that through the glass hall-door he saw Earl Dudley push Mrs. White along the hall. Saw his lordship swing her round and push her to the door. She stepped out, or would have been pushed out. When he drove her back to Worcester he took her to a chemist's to have her arm looked to, and afterwards to Dr. Carden.

Ann Page, servant at Mrs. White's lodgings, deposed that complainant's arm was much hurt, swollen, and discoloured for a fortnight. Applied hot fomentations to it, and had to dress Mrs. White, as she was unable to dress herself on account of the injury to her arm, which was useless.

Mr. Carden had been summoned, but, no expenses having been tendered, he did not appear.

A statement in writing was produced by his lordship, and identified by the witness as a document sent by Mr. Southey to the earl, giving a history of his life and of the transactions with the Hon. Dudley Ward. It was drawn up as if for publication in the shape of a romantic narrative, and told how Southey became a professional billiard player; how he met the Honourable Dudley Ward at Brighton, one day in the street weeping, and who told him that "she had sinned as a mother should not do in order to get bread for her children;" how he saved her from a bad man, who had followed her as his prey, and how he had "entered into a union with this lady with the understanding that their lives were at issue on the settlement of this claim;" how he had represented his claim to Earl Dudley,

who had turned him out of his house "like a dog," and so on. This statement having been read by the magistrate's clerk,

Earl Dudley addressed the bench, and went into the whole history of the annoyance to which he had been subjected by the complainant and the man Southey, with whom she lived in adultery. His lordship stated that in July last year Southey came to him in London and told him that a brother of his (Earl Dudley's) had lost money to him, and he called upon him in the name of all that was due to his family and position to pay the debt. He knew nothing of Southey then, and told him that his feeling about any relatives of his family was that if a tradesman who had trusted them with goods on the faith of a name came to him he should consider his claim; that he might feel the same with regard to money borrowed—i.e., as to the principal, but not as to exorbitant interest charged; but as to gambling debts, he would not entertain them for a moment, for if he did so he should soon be reduced from an independent to a dependent man. If he were to fall into the hands of such a rogue as that (pointing to Southey, who was present in court), the claims on him might soon be such that no fortune could meet. Having told Southey his determination, he then said the interview must now end; but as Southey still pressed his claims, he told him if he would not leave the room he (Earl Dudley) should, and he gave him to understand that if he did not leave his servants would forcibly eject him. No force, however, was necessary, and he left. Next day he went to Scotland, and while at the Worcester Railway Station Southey again addressed him, whereupon he told him that if he interfered with his privacy he would hand him over to the police, and he then sneaked away. Six months passed away, when one day at Witley-court he received a letter from a Mrs. Southey and a card of Lady Shaftesbury. This was from the complainant, who had called at the Court to see him. He went to her in the library in the belief that she had some charitable duty on hand, and, leaning against the table, said, "To what cause, Mrs. Southey, am I indebted for the pleasure of this visit?" on which she whispered something about unsatisfied claims on his family which affected his honour. She then represented herself as the wife of Southey, and he told her he had already given Southey an answer, and mentioned what had already taken place on that occasion. She, however, would not leave until he had told her that he should leave the room. She then asked him to allow his servant to order her carriage, which he did, and she went away. His lordship went on to give his version of the interview of the 12th of March. When the complainant was announced he told his servant he would not see her, and that the flyman was not to leave the door without her. The servant returned and said she was obstinate, that she would not go, and wanted to see the housekeeper, on which he went into the library where she was, and said, "Mrs. Southey, I'll not permit this intrusion. You must go." She asked to be heard, but he told her he had heard her case and given his determination, by which he meant to abide. He took her by the left arm, not the right as she had sworn, without violence, but determinedly, to show her out of the room. She said, "You'll touch me, will you?" and instantly attached herself to his whiskers. Thus it became a struggle between himself and a woman in his own house. She afterwards dropped his whiskers, but attacked his head. She would not leave the room, and he put his arm round her, drew her out of the room, and called to his servant Weeks. No sooner did his servant appear than her manner instantly changed, and she said, "My lord, I wish you a very good morning," and walked out. He never was more surprised in his life than at the sudden change in her manner when the servant appeared. It was bad enough to have to kick a man out like that fellow (Southey), but worse to have to put a woman out of one's own house. After she had left he retired for a minute to his room, and on returning found the woman back again talking to his servant. She then begged pardon for touching him, but he made light of it. She still stood at the door, clinging to it, and, in the belief that it was about to be opened, he took her by the shoulders, passed her along the colonnade, and put her out. He gave a distinct denial to the statement of the cabman, that he had taken Mrs. White violently by the hand and swung her round in the hall. He admitted that he had intentionally taken the woman by the arm and turned her out of his house, having given her notice that he would not permit any intrusion, but he denied that in doing this he had used more violence than necessary. His lordship then called

William Weeks, a servant at Witley-court, who corroborated his master's version of the affair in every particular, and said Mrs. White refused to go away when she was told that Earl Dudley would not see her. She asked to see the housekeeper, but he told her she could not come to see her. There were no signs of illness or fainting in the complainant.

This finished the examination, and the court, after retiring for a few minutes, announced that they were unanimous in dismissing the charge.

The cross charge of assault against Mrs. White was not gone into, and Earl Dudley said he had only laid the information to enable him to make a statement on oath. That statement would have been a repetition of the remarks which he had addressed to the court.

**THE ACTORS' SHAKESPEARE SUPPER.**—This movement to celebrate, at the Freemasons' Tavern, the tercentenary of our immortal bard, at midnight of the 22nd and morning of the 23rd instant, progresses most satisfactorily, and its success is a certainty. A large and influential meeting took place last Thursday night, at Mr. James Williams's, the Cafe de l'Europe, Haymarket.

**AN HEIR WANTED.**—This week a letter from the United States came to Kilmarnock in search of a "James Bradford, Ayrshire, Scotland." It appears that a Mr. Robert McLea had gone some time since to the State of Wisconsin, and died lately, leaving 200 dollars in money and 240 acres of freehold land, to be inherited by the said James Bradford. As no one of that name could be found here, the letter has been sent to Galston, to see if an owner cannot be found for it.—*Kilmarnock Post*.

**FLOGGING OF WOMEN IN AUSTRIAN POLAND.**—A letter from Lemberg (Galicia), in the *Press* of Vienna, says:—"Since the beginning of the month the military tribunals in this province have been actively occupied. They try, on an average, four cases a day. A certain number of persons have been condemned to corporal punishments for various offences, particularly for having insulted sentinels when on duty. Several individuals have been bastinadoed or whipped for that misdeed; among them two women—Julia Chorostouka, a dressmaker, aged thirty-four, who received ten lashes, and Catherine Samborska, a servant, aged twenty, who had a similar punishment. A great number of persons have been condemned to imprisonment for from one month to four."

**THE PICKPOCKET'S TRAP.**—The *Lombardia* of Milan says:—"A young man, with his arm caught in an iron trap, has just been led through the streets of this city to prison. A person named Varisco had invented a gin to catch pickpockets, which may be easily placed in a coat pocket, and is so constructed as to hold the hand of the thief as if in a vice. M. Varisco being in a locality which those light-fingered gentry are thought to frequent, and remarking near him an individual of a rather suspicious exterior, took from one of his pockets a handsome silver snuff-box, at the same time assuming a simple air; then leisurely taking a pinch from it, he placed it in a pocket provided with the trap. Presently the stranger approached M. Varisco, slipped his hand into the pocket, seized hold of the bait, and in another second showed by his cries that he was securely caught."





THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE REVIEWING THE TROOPS AT CHATHAM.

## THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE REVIEWING THE CHATHAM GARRISON.

THE illustration given above represents the Duke of Cambridge reviewing the Chatham garrison. His royal highness, attended by his staff, commenced by a visit to the Gravesend Barracks, in which the troops belonging to Chatham garrison are quartered during the time they are undergoing their course of instruction in ball practice. He then inspected the troops,

most of whom are very young soldiers, and also visited the barracks and other portions of the barrack establishment. He arrived at Chatham, and was received with a royal salute from the guns at the Cornwallis battery. He was entertained the same night at a grand banquet given in the new mess-room at the Royal Engineer Barracks, Brompton, to which the heads of departments and a number of distinguished naval and military officers had been invited.

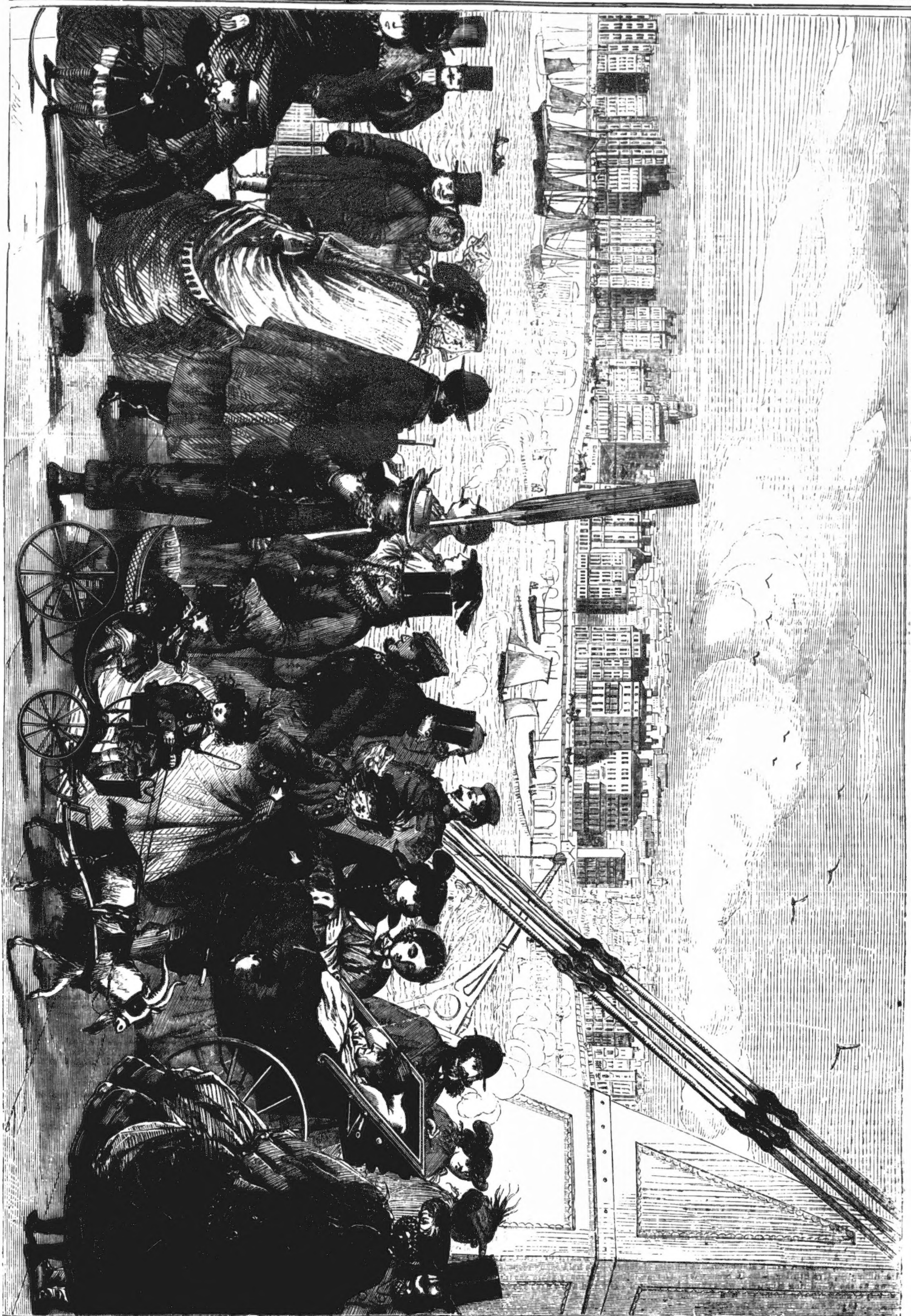
On the following morning his royal highness held his annual

spring inspection of the infantry and other troops quartered at the garrison, on which occasion he was accompanied by several distinguished officers. Each of the troops, before quitting the barracks, was furnished with fifteen rounds of blank cartridge, and there were also twenty rounds furnished for serving each of the guns of the Royal Artillery. His royal highness, attended by Major-General Foster, K.H., Colonel Sir A. H. Horsford, K.O.B., Deputy Adjutant-General, and a numerous staff, arrived on the lines shortly after eleven o'clock, where the whole of the troops



HAMPSTEAD HEATH ON EASTER MONDAY. (See page 682.)





BRIGHTON CHAIN PIER ON EASTER MONDAY. (See page 682.)



were drawn up in quarter-distant column awaiting his arrival. The forces on the ground consisted of one battery of mounted field artillery with six 12-pounder Armstrong guns, the corps of Royal Engineers formed into seven companies, the three battalions of infantry of the line, consisting of the depot companies of the 4th King's Own, 35th, 43rd (light infantry), 77th, 94th, 101st (Royal Bengal Fusiliers), 12th, 20th, 31st, 52nd (light infantry), 85th, 19th, 51st (light infantry), 75th, 81st, 91st (Highlanders), and 102nd regiment, together with the division of Royal Marines Light Infantry, formed into two battalions, the whole under the command of Major-General Eyre, and forming a force of about 4,000 officers and men.

His royal highness on arriving on the ground was received with the customary salute, and after riding along the front and rear of the columns took up his position at the saluting-post, when the entire force marched past in quick time, by grand divisions of companies, the manner in which the troops acquitted themselves in this respect eliciting very favourable comments. The various evolutions of a field-day were then gone through, and a general salute brought the proceedings to a close, his royal highness, in an address to the several commanding officers, expressing himself well satisfied with his inspection.

#### EASTER MONDAY ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

We candidly believe there is no air like Hampstead air. Whether it is that, judging everything by contrast, the thick, heavy combination of gases that does duty for an atmosphere in London, makes us regard the strong fresh breeze of Hampstead-heath as being purer than it really is, we cannot say. We only know that the effect of half-an-hour's breathing on the Heath is exhilarating beyond measure. Reader, if you have never been on Hampstead-heath we pity you, and would most strongly advise that on the very first day that opportunity serve, take a walk to Hampstead—don't ride. Have a crust of bread-and-cheese and a glass of ale at Jack Straw's Castle—no matter how dainty your appetite in the City, you will find one up there for the humblest meal. Then, once upon the Heath, give vent to your feelings; running, jumping, shouting, donkey-riding—we are not particular what—when, if you don't feel many times the lighter, many times the younger, nay, many inches taller, you are less susceptible of the influences of nature and fresh air than most of us.

Of the quietude that usually reigns around the Heath, of the beautiful views which surround you on all sides, we have nothing now to do. Our task is simply to describe Hampstead-heath on a general holiday, such as Good Friday, Easter Monday, or at Whitsuntide. On the Easter just past, however, the weather was anything but favourable for pleasure-seekers on the Heath; yet still the roads leading towards it were lined with pedestrians, and many a van load of juveniles, singing to the utmost of their voices "Hampstead is the Place to Rattle," jogged merrily up the hill.

As to the amusements provided on the Heath, they are not very numerous or varied; but then, again, varied amusements are not needed—a run, a jump, a roll upon the heather, such are the sort of things to do at Hampstead. People, in fact, make amusements for themselves; that is, apart from donkey-riding, and this is the essential amusement of the Heath. And such donkey-riding! Our readers have only to refer to our illustration on page 680, and they will see both riders and animals to perfection. It seems to us that there are no such donkeys as the Hampstead donkeys. The way in which they gallop—when they do gallop—bounding across their native heath, has something about it that an imaginative and somewhat cockney mind might liken to the Arab steed in his own desert. And even when the donkey will not gallop, his refusal to move is utterly unlike that of the stubborn, sullen animal "what wouldn't go." The Hampstead donkey seems to enter into the fun of the thing. When he stands still, it is with a sly wink to himself, and an inward chuckle—donkeys not being gifted with the faculty of laughing aloud. If he is driven to extremities by the driver's cudgel, the Hampstead donkey—like a merry, mischievous donkey as he is—simply throws his rider over his head, and wonders how he or she "seems to like it." Such is the Hampstead donkey, and those who would wish to join in this amusement, we advise them by all means to visit this invigorating spot.

#### BRIGHTON CHAIN-PIER ON EASTER MONDAY.

NOTWITHSTANDING that Brighton lost its great Easter attraction in the volunteer review, still the excursion trains were well filled with holiday folk, determined upon having their "eight hours at the sea-side for three shillings." Instead, however, of wending their way this year up to wards the Downs, the great attraction was the sea-beach and chain-pier. Here were congregated every class, from the working man to the tip-top swell—from the costermonger's wife and daughters to the highest lady aristocrat—the ruddy and robust, and the invalids in chairs. Plenty of watermen t-t-t-t, who meet you at every turn with "Fine morning for a sail, sir," although the wind is blowing sharp and cold, and hail and rain threatening. Still, many availed themselves of an hour or two on the water, in the larger pleasure-boats, while others contented themselves with that healthful and breezy quarter of a mile out to the pier-head, an illustration of which we give on page 681. Here, as will be seen, many are muffled up, as if afraid of the wind, while the younger and charming beau class throw aside their veils to lighten the colour on their lovely features. Little ones are happy in their light and elegant goat-chaises, while here again the boatman is solicitous for you to try a spell on the water.

An excellent view of the town of Brighton is obtained from the pier-head. The hotels, baths, magnificent squares, and splendid promenades, are all seen in a glance. The old church on the top of the hill, the wind-mill and Downs from the back-ground, while along the valley the domes of the Pavilion—the Chinese palace of George IV—the Steyne, and other objects are easily and distinctly traced. On the beach, the long rows of bathing machines still stand back in their winter quarters, few customers being found hardy enough to venture on a "salt-water dip." Soon, however, the time will arrive for this enjoyment, and then we shall probably take advantage of giving another view of Brighton under a different aspect than that of early Easter.

ORDERS have been sent to Rear-Admiral Dares to complete the Channel squadron for sea forthwith. The Aurora has been sent to Elberness to complete provisions before proceeding to Portland.

DEATH OF MR. GEORGE DANIEL.—The deepest regret will be felt throughout all literary and dramatic circles on learning the decease of that greatly esteemed gentleman and well-known author, Mr. George Daniel, whose writings must be familiar to a great portion of our readers as the "D. G." of "Cumberland's British Theatre." Mr. George Daniel died on Wednesday, the 30th March, at his son's house, The Grove, Stoke Newington. The cause of his death was apoplexy. The deceased, who had attained his seventy-fourth year, was born in London, on the 16th September, 1789.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL," BY DAYLIGHT.—A morning performance of Sheridan's comedy of "The School for Scandal" is announced to take place on Wednesday, the 13th of April, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in aid of the funds of the Royal Dramatic College. The cast will include the names of Messrs. Phelps, Sims Reeves, Addison, Creswick, Charles Matthews, Buckstone, Compton, Poole, Webster, Frank Matthews, Mrs. Charles Matthews, Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Stirling, Miss H. Simms, &c. The musicians, known as the Wandering Minstrels, whose band is composed exclusively of amateurs—conductor, the Hon. Seymour Egerton—have consented to perform the music on the occasion.

### Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—The opera season at this establishment commences this (Saturday) evening, April 9th, with Verdi's admired opera, "Rigoletto." The cast includes Signora Giuglini, Fagotti (his first appearance), Gasparini (his first appearance), Bossi, Maretti, Manfredi, Bertacchi, Casaboni; Mdlles. Tomasini, Tacconi, Bettelheim (her first appearance), and Vitali (her first appearance). Signor Arditi is director of the music and conductor. In the ball-room scene a grand pas de deux will be introduced, by Mdlle. Aranyvary and Signor Ammaturo; and in the course of the evening the National Anthem will be sung.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—One of the principal features at Covent Garden on Tuesday evening last was the re-appearance of Signor Mario in Auber's opera of "Masaniello." On Thursday evening "Il Trovatore" was performed, introducing several new artists. Mdlle. Lagrus is announced to perform Leonora in the "Favorita" this (Saturday) evening. Her performance of that character—like Norma, one of Madame Grisi's grandest achievements—will, we have no doubt, further confirm the impression the new artist has made on the public. As to the lady's performance of Norma, it must be accepted as one of the most intellectual performances of the modern operatic stage. Three representations of Bellini's opera have, we think, placed this beyond a doubt. It is well for the new artist that the character of the high priestess was shown to the public on three consecutive nights. A first impression is not always trustworthy. We are now enabled to consider the merits of Mdlle. Lagrus irrespective of the claims of other artists, and to decide how true and just her performance is in regard to itself alone. In this light viewed the Norma of Mdlle. Lagrus will bear the strictest scrutiny, and the more closely examined will be the more dearly prized. Not only is the conception poetical and new, but it is striking even without those bursts and embellishments which have been sanctioned by the name of Pasta. Mdlle. Lagrus's bye-play is a perfect study, and in this respect, indeed, she reminds us more of Rachel than any artist we have seen on the Italian boards. By this bye-play the scenes with Adalgisa are made wonderfully true, and you perceive that the artist is thoroughly absorbed in her own feelings. Abstraction was one of the great secrets of Pasta's and Malibran's power. So it is with Mdlle. Lagrus, and it is through this quality more than any demonstrative means that she will make her way with the English public.

DRURY LANE.—It is gratifying to see the crowds nightly assembled at the doors of this establishment to witness the legitimate drama again produced on its time-honoured boards. The magnificence with which "Henry IV" is placed upon the stage we fully entered into in our last, and we have only to record that the enthusiasm and applause which greeted the first performance have been fully maintained every evening since.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Mr. Fechter, having entirely recovered from the effects of his recent accident—which, at one time, indeed, threatened very serious consequences—re-appeared on Saturday evening last, in his popular part of Angelo, in the play of "Bel Demonio." The number of nights which this very stirring drama has been performed seems in nowise to have diminished its attraction. Even when Mr. Fechter was unable to sustain the character of the hero, and Mr. Jordan had to supply his place, the theatre was well attended, showing that the piece exerted an independent influence on the public. On Saturday night the theatre was crammed in every part, as would have been the case had it been twice the size. Mr. Fechter received an enthusiastic welcome on his entrance, and proved himself in full possession of his powers by going through his part with all the old spirit, earnestness, and grace; and, when we take into consideration how well the play in general is cast, how exciting and ingenious are the incidents, and how unrivalled for magnificence and effect is the scenery, we may safely predict that "Bel Demonio," notwithstanding its protracted run, has only accomplished half its career. The receipts arising from the performances on Saturday night have been handed over by Mr. Fechter to the fund for the relief of the Sheffield sufferers.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The British Opera Association, with Mr. Brookhouse Bowler, Mr. O. Summers, Mr. Durand, Madame Tonneller, Miss Annie Kemp, and other artists concluded a short season here yesterday (Friday) evening, the last night being for the benefit of Madame Tonneller, on which occasion "Il Trovatore" was performed. We perceive that Mr. G. V. Brooks is engaged at this theatre for a short period, previous to his departure for Australia. He appears this (Saturday) evening as Othello, with Miss Marriott as Emilia.

The theatres generally have been well attended. The Easter attractions mentioned in our last have still been running.

MR. GERMAN REED has recommended the representations of Mr. Macfarren's charming Opera di Camera, "Jessy Lea," which is given twice a week—every Tuesday afternoon at three, and Saturday evening at eight. "Jessy Lea" possesses a special attraction in the fact of the introduction to the public, by Mr. Reed, of a new soprano, Miss Robertine Henderson. A new ballad has also been written for the baritone, so that the operetta bids fair to enter upon a new career of success.

THE NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—A new oratorio, entitled "Ahab," by George B. Arnold, Mus. Doc., New College, Oxford, was performed by the National Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday. The principal vocalists engaged were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss A. Hirst, Miss Palmer, Miss Amy Sheridan, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Benwick, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. This was the first time for many years that a new work of such magnitude as an oratorio has been undertaken by a London society.

THE TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS.—The arrangements for the meeting at Hereford are now finally complete. On the morning of the first day, as usual, Haydn's "Creation" will be performed; on the second day Mendelssohn's "Elijah." On the third morning the first part of Spohr's "Fall of Babylon," Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and selections from "Judas Macabbeus," and "Israel in Egypt." On the fourth day "The Messiah." The evening scheme will comprise the following works:—"Midsummer Night's Dream," selected from Weber's "Oberon," and Benedict's popular cantata "Richard Coeur de Lion." The symphonies will be Beethoven's C minor, and Mozart's "Jupiter." On Friday evening there will be a concert of chamber music.

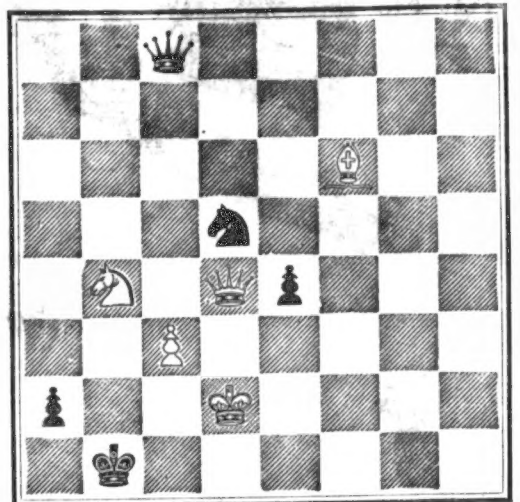
ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—We are informed that the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre generously intends (in the course of the present season) placing his theatre and the services of all his artists at the disposal of the directors of the Royal Academy of Music, for the purpose of a grand performance in aid of the funds of that most meritorious national institution; on which occasion, Mr. Mapleson purposes to introduce to the public any of the pupils, vocal or instrumental, that the professors of the Royal Academy of Music may deem sufficiently advanced in their studies. We have reasons for believing that Mr. Mapleson's kind interest in the professional welfare of the pupils of this establishment will by no means be limited to this special occasion.

DEATH OF MR. O. A. MACKNEY.—This gentleman, who in early life held many responsible situations in the City of London, and for many years was intimately connected with the Stock Exchange, died a few days ago at his residence in Shoreditch, having attained his sixty-ninth year. Mr. O. A. Mackney was the father of Mr. Mackney, the famous illustrator of negro songs and music.

### Chess.

PROBLEM No. 169.—By R. B. WORMALD.  
[From his work on the "Openings of Chess."

Black.

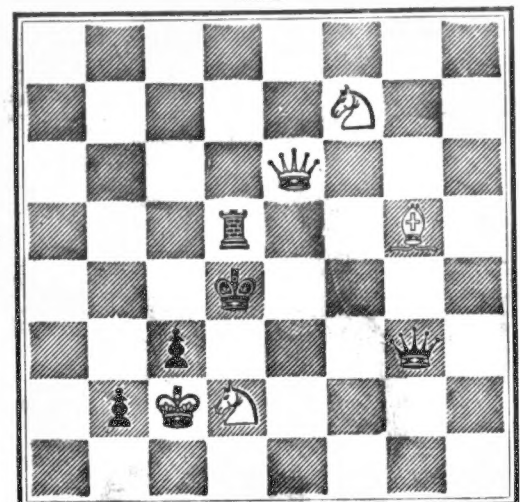


White.

White to move, and mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 170.—By J. D.

Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in four moves.

Game played between Messrs. Wormald and Burden.

White.	Black.
Mr. Wormald.	Mr. Burden.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	2. Q Kt to B 3
3. B to Q Kt 5	3. B to B 4
4. P to Q B 3	4. Q to K 2
5. Castles	5. K Kt to B 3
6. P to Q 4	6. B to Kt 3
7. B to K Kt 5 (a)	7. P to K B 3
8. B takes Kt	8. P takes B
9. P to Q 5	9. Kt to Q square
10. Kt to K B 4	10. R to K Kt square
11. Kt to K B 5	11. Q to K B square (b)
12. Kt to Q R 3	12. P to Q B 3
13. B to Q R 4	13. B to Q B 4
14. P to Q Kt 4	14. P to Q Kt 4
15. B takes Q Kt P	15. B takes Q Kt P
16. Q P takes P	16. Q P takes P
17. Q to Q R 4	17. P takes B
18. Q Kt takes P	18. Kt to Q B 3
19. Q Kt to Q 6 (ch)	19. B takes Q Kt
20. Q takes Kt (ch)	20. K to Q square
21. K B to Q square	21. Q B takes Kt
22. B takes B (ch)	22. K to K 2 (c)
23. Q to Kt 7 (ch) (d)	23. K takes R

White mates in three moves.

(a) Thus far the moves on both sides are identical with game iii. in the match between Herr Harwitz and Herr Lowenthal. This is, however, by no means a commendable defence to the "Ruy Lopez."

(b) Black has now a deplorable game.

(c) Had Black taken R with Q, in the hope of remaining with R and B against Q, White would have retaken with Q, and, on the B interposing, played R to Q square, winning.

(d) Well played. The termination of this game is very cleverly conducted by Mr. Wormald.

W DALE (Oldham).—Black could not legally take the Pawn in the position submitted by you, because by so doing, he would place his King in check of the Knight. It seems, however, according to your diagram, that Black could play his King to K R 2.

A. FANSON.—The omission of the Pawn on K Kt 5, in Problem No. 133, would have led to a second solution.

WILLIE.—We have received the game, but cannot make out the 25th and 26th moves of either player. Perhaps some moves have been omitted.

E. RICHARDS (Chapetow).—We regret that we cannot avail ourselves of the games contributed by you, as not one of them contains any features of interest or instruction.

G. F. W.—The tourney is proceeding: the games will be played by correspondence. If you desire to enter, you should do so at once.



## Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.  
GUILDHALL.

**SKITTLE SHARPS AND THEIR VICTIMS.**—Since the commission of the two men Powell and Finch for skittle-sharpening, Mr. Alderman Link has received a number of letters from persons in different parts of the country complaining of having been victimized by members of the skittle-sharpening fraternity. Among them was one from a magistrate, who stated that he had been pounced upon no less than five times, and that such was the intense depth of their plans, he would defy any man to form an adequate idea of their swiftness of power without having, as he termed it, taken lessons of them. His opinion is that they would not stop at murder to accomplish their object, and that they would therefore never be anything but a curse to society. Another letter was from a gentleman in the scholastic profession, who met with a similar misfortune to that of the young man Chambers, but in his case the consequences were more serious, as, after being fished, he found himself friendless in London, and his means exhausted, which resulted in much misery and privation. Another correspondent did not plead guilty to having been victimized, but from the intimate knowledge of their movements which he displayed, he states that there are numerous ranges of skittle-sharps, and that their plans are so well laid that even those who consider themselves "pretty wide-awake" are often awaried. He is not perhaps aware that the self-considered wide-awake persons, or, as the sharps call them, "dy-flats"—are their most desirable game, as they are over confident, and therefore readily entrapped by such patient, painstaking rascals which now infest the most crowded thoroughfares of the city. He terms the skittle-sharps gentle highwaymen, and censures the police for not cautioning the victims when seen in their company. That, however, is undeserved censure, as the police have taken numbers of that class of swindlers into custody, and they are invariably discharged, the law being insufficient to hold them, or the magistrates lacking the courage to send such rascals before a jury, on the ground that a conviction is certain to follow.

## BOW STREET.

**CHARGE OF BURGLARY.**—Aldred Bale and George Henfrey were charged with burglary at the shop of Mr. Charles Massey, watchmaker, 83, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. The shop was looked up perfectly safe on Saturday, the 19th March, and on Mr. Massey going on the following Monday morning he found the place had been broken open, and about £70 of property stolen. The thieves had entered by means of a step-ladder belonging to a coffee-shop which abuts on the premises in Chancery-lane, which was left in the yard. The prisoner Bale was employed at the coffee-shop as waiter, and Henfrey, his companion, was a jeweller out of work. Two boys were produced, one of whom stated that he saw the prisoners talking together on the night of the robbery, and heard Henfrey say to Bale, pointing to the prosecutor's house, "I suppose he goes home every night," and he (the boy), who lived next door, replied, "Yes." The second boy, named Smith, arrived boy at the house next door to prosecutor, stated that on the night of Friday, the 18th, Henfrey asked him about Mr. Massey's dog, and said, "Does the dog sleep there all night?" He replied that he did so. Henfrey then gave him a piece of meat and desired him to give it to the dog, which he did, but he could not say whether the dog ate it or not. A servant at the coffee shop said Henfrey called to see Bale on the Saturday night and went out with him for a short time, but he went to bed about half-past ten, and she did not think he could have got up again, and got out at the back, without being heard by the other inmates. Mr. Massey said he usually left the dog to sleep on the premises, but on the Saturday night in question he took it home with him to sleep with him. The magistrate committed both prisoners for trial, but committed to take bail for the prisoner Bale, in two sureties of £100. As the bail was not provided, they were both remanded.

**CAUGHT IN A TRAP.**—Joseph Pichard, servant to Mr. Butler, the landlord of the Marquis of Granby, Chancery-street, Covent-garden, was charged with robbing his master by taking money from the till. Mr. Butler said the prisoner had been in his service for about a month, and he had suspected the prisoner of robbing him. On Saturday morning he (Mr. Butler) placed in the bar for two hours, and on the afternoon in question he went into the bar at two o'clock and remained till four, and no one else had access to the till. After he had left the bar, witness examined the till and found about £5 1s that he had expected from the business done in the time. One of the marked shillings and two of the marked sixpenny pieces were absent. Witness then desired the other barman, John Edward Smith, to go to the prisoner. Accordingly, upon the prisoner coming into the bar, Smith asked him for 5s, which the prisoner handed to him. Smith afterwards gave the money to witness, who found one of the marked shillings in it. He then went up to the prisoner's room with a police-officer, in whose presence he accused the prisoner of stealing the money. Sergeant Stone of the F Division said he was called in by Mr. Butler, with whom he went up to the prisoner's room. Witness found on him £2 3s 4d and a watch and chain. John Edward Smith, the other barman, proved that by Mr. Butler's desire he borrowed 5s. from the prisoner, and one of the coins which the prisoner gave him was the marked shilling produced. Mr. Vaughan remanded him for further examination.

## WESTMINSTER.

**A THOROUGH "CLINCHER."**—A woman about thirty years of age, applied to the magistrate for his assistance. Mr. Selfe: What do you want? Applicant: Protection from my husband? Mr. Selfe: Protection for what? Applicant: Protection from my husband? Applicant: Cruelly, and that is the reason I have come here? Mr. Selfe: Has he beaten you? Applicant: No, he has not. Mr. Selfe: Then how has he ill-used you? Applicant: He has gone away and left me, and I want protection against him. Mr. Selfe: Oh, you want a protection order? Applicant: That is what I want, and I hope you will give it me. Mr. Selfe: Your husband has deserted you, then? Applicant: Yes; gone right away. Mr. Selfe: How long has he been gone? Applicant: Three weeks. Mr. Selfe: That is but a very short time. How do you know that he has deserted you? Applicant: He took away a clothes linen, plate, and £9 1s in money, without saying a single word to me of any sort; and then he was not content with that, but did worse afterwards. Mr. Selfe: What was that? Applicant: Why he put in brooms and took away every bit of furniture which we had in Chancery-street, Pimlico. We had lived there a long while, and had been very comfortable, and I did not expect that anything of this sort would take place. Mr. Selfe: You say that he has deserted you. It is only three weeks that he left you. How do you know that he will not return? Applicant: I will take good care of that. I'll not take him back. He shan't come to me. Mr. Selfe: Under these circumstances I can't grant you a protection order. Applicant: If my son puts me some furniture in, in his own name, will it be safe from my husband? Mr. Selfe: He must not give it to you. If he lends it to you, it remains his property; he can claim it, and take it back when he likes. Applicant: Thank you; I'll do that, for fear he should come near me.

## MARLBOROUGH STREET.

**A RUSSIAN HUSBAND.**—Frederick George, a young man, was charged with an aggravated assault on his wife, Mary Ann George. Mr. Edward Lewis, of Great Marlborough-street, appeared for the prosecutor, which was instituted by the Society for the Protection of Women and Children. Defendant, St. James's. Mary Ann George said: I live at No. 8, White Lion-court, Seven-dials, and the prisoner is my husband. I am twenty-one years of age, and have been married eighteen months. On the 21st of March, between five and six in the evening, my husband met me near where we live, and told me to come up-stairs. He then asked me what I had been speaking to the landlady about, and I said about the rent. He then took hold of me by the ears, and banded my head against the wall and kicked me, and then struck me in the face, blackening both my eyes. He said, "You shall not go out of the room alive. I will have your head off your shoulders." I asked him to let me go for the sake of my child, which I had in my arms. He told me to get the child down, and having done so, he took a knife in his hand, and said, "I'll have your life. Make up your mind not to go out of the room alive." As I would not put the child down he threw it out of my arms, and on my stooping to pick it up he caught hold of my leg, and in doing so cut it. I screamed for assistance, and some persons came and burst the door open and rescued me, and then my husband tried to get over the banisters after me. He has often beaten me before, and the things I get together to make a home he breaks up. Mr. Lewis: Has he been in prison, has he not? Complainer: Yes, sir, once for an assault and once for thieving. Ellen Wales, living in the same house, provided hearing of the "murder" proceeding from the room occupied by the prisoner and his wife. Mr. Lewis: How long have you known the complainant, and what sort of character does she bear? Witness: I have known her nine years, and she is a steady, hard-working woman. Prisoner: My wife mixes up with the people in "the Dials," and because I wish brought some of them to justice she has an ill-feeling towards me. I was called, to call Sergeant Cole to speak to my character. Sergeant Cole was called, but his evidence was far from favourable to the prisoner. Inasmuch as he stated that he knew the prisoner as a thief, and believed he had robbed him (the sergeant). Prisoner: My wife aggravates me and calls me a "cad." She was very violent. I did strike her, but it was because she dropped the child. The prisoner was committed for six months with hard labour, and ordered, at the expiration of the sentence, to find one bail in £20 for another six months to keep the peace towards his wife.

**FLAGRANT CASE OF POLICE TREASON.**—Elizabeth Wilson, a respectable looking young woman, residing at No. 6, Great Eastern-street, Lionson-grove, was charged before Mr. Arnold with being a common prostitute, and annoying male passengers in the street. Mr. Edward Lewis, of Great Marlborough-street, appeared for the young woman. Woodard, 129 D, said: At two o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, I was in Ox-ord-street, and saw the prisoner take hold of gentlemen's arms, and heard her say to one of them, "Come home with me." I was too far into custody. I have repeatedly seen her in the street. By Mr. Lewis: Late in the evening, I cannot say the date, but this month, I spoke to the second gentleman. He did not give me his name and address. I then thought I was justified in taking her into custody. I heard her ask the gentleman whether he would go home with her. I said, "There are great complaints of prostitutes annoying gentlemen, and I shall take you to the station," and did so. I did not in any way molest him. "New you may go." She did not say to me, "No, you have called me a prostitute, and I will go with you." Mr. Arnold: You say you have repeatedly seen her in the street. When was the last time before this? Constable: I think on Sunday night, between eleven and twelve. She was then going towards the Marble Arch. I have seen her walking backwards and forwards in Oxford-street. I have seen her out as late as one o'clock in the fore-part of this month. Thomas Berridge, 95 D, said: I have seen the prisoner in Oxford-street at eleven, twelve, and one o'clock, always walking with different men, and a quarter or half-hour at a time. Mr. Wilson, of 6, Exeter-street, Lionson-grove, said: The young woman is my daughter, and a professional singer in the provinces. When she is in town, sometimes a few weeks together, she lives with me. She is occasionally out late, as she visits professional people, who meet late. Her employer for the last few years is in attendance to speak to her character. Mr. Jennings, the proprietor of an operatic troupe, said he was in the habit of engaging Miss Wilson as one of his operatic troupe for the provinces. He had done so for four years. He had ascertained that Miss Wilson went on Monday night to a music hall in Long-acre, and he had no doubt that was the reason why she had not, when the case was first before the court, as she had been, as he told her once that if she sang there she might have some of the constable's attention, and he was afraid of offending him. Mr. Arnold put several questions to the witness in answer to which he said Miss Wilson bore an excellent character. Mrs. Sarah Macdonald, wife of Mr. Wm. Macdonald, of the Scotch Stores, Long-acre, said: I have known Miss Wilson for four years. I never heard anything derogatory to her character. On the night of Easter Monday we had a party at our house, and several professionals were present. Miss Wilson was there all the evening, and left from half-past one till two. Miss Julia Ballinger, a professional singer, said: I have been in the habit of travelling with Miss Wilson for four years with Mr. Jennings's company. I have during that time lived with her, and never heard a word against her character. Mr. Arnold said the prisoner was charged with annoying gentlemen for the purpose of prostitution, and if the statement of the constable was true, then the charge was fully made out; but if the constable had not told the truth, then it was not made out, and the constable was guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury. In answer to the evidence of the police, there was very strong evidence on the other side as to the respectability of the young woman. What had great weight with him was, how the time was spent by her on the night in question. He (Mr. Arnold) was aware that a great many young women, ostensibly milliners or professionals, and persons of apparent respectability, eked out a living by prostitution. The great difficulty he felt on both occasions was no explanation being given as to how she passed the night; but he was bound to say she had perfectly satisfied him now. It would have been painful for him (Mr. Arnold) to have convicted the young woman after the protestations of respectability she had made, and it was with great pain he said that the evidence of the constable was entirely unworthy of belief. He believed the young woman to be highly respectable, and that he had no doubt the constable called her a prostitute, and that then she resented it. He should take care the conduct of the constable (Woodard) was represented to the Commissioners of Police, and he trusted that he would not be allowed to remain many hours longer in the force. The young woman was discharged. Some applause followed the magistrate's decision, but was instantly checked.

## WORKSHIP-STREET.

**CAPTURE OF SUSPECTED BURGLARS.**—Ewin McDermott, Henry Rushton, and William Arnold, each aged 30, and well-known to the gossips, were charged with attempting to break into a dwelling-house. Mr. Richard Malpas, the keeper of a refreshment-house in a building out of Aldon-street, Vintry, on the night of the 9th ult., carefully secured all his premises. At one in the morning a lodger of his named Shields returned home, and to his surprise, found a gate, which ought to have been fastened, wide open, and heard the whispering of strange voices close to him. This was followed by a loud scream and a cry of "Stop thief." He then saw the figures of several men leaping over another gate in the direction of Aldon-street, down which he pursued them, but lost them. He called out to Cooke, a City constable, who had seen three men running away, and who now pursued them into Little-port-street, shouting, "Stop thief!" They brought up more officers, and these succeeded in stopping and securing all three men, who turned out to be the prisoners. They were taken to the station and searched, and in the pockets of each man was found a pair of india-rubber gloves, generally used by burglars. On McDermott were found a dark lantern and silent matches; on Rushton two knives adapted for cutting out glass, a door key, and more matches; and on Arnold a small crowbar and knife. Rushton was heard to fling away some instrument just before his apprehension, and a chisel was afterwards found on the spot where he did so. On going back to Mr. Malpas's house it was found that an entrance had been very nearly effected by the thieves, who had been interrupted after forcing the kitchen shutters, from which some pieces of iron had been wrenched, and laid down in the yard. Sergeant Leather, a G, deposed to seeing the prisoners standing together close to the prosecutor's premises, and that, as he suspected they were discovered by Shields, and that, as he suspected they were discovered by Shields, and that, as he suspected they were discovered by Shields, he directed an officer to look after them, but they must have moved away and evaded him. Each prisoner said he should reserve his defence, and they were all three fully committed for trial.

## THAMES.

**ALLEGED ASSAULT IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.**—Mr. Christopher Cronch, a gentleman residing in the East India-road, who is connected with some of the most respectable families in the Tower Hamlets, appeared before Mr. Page on a summons charged with assaulting Mrs. Catherine Wright in a second-class railway carriage on the London and Blackwall Railway. Mr. Sleight appeared for the defendant. The complainant, a young woman, the wife of a sailor, who had gone to sea, said that she was dwelling at No. 7, North-street, Limehouse. On the previous Saturday evening she had been taking tea at the house of a Mr. Ward, her husband's friend, and proceeded with him in a second-class railway carriage from Shadwell to Limehouse. It was one of the long carriages divided into compartments by the seats and the backs of them. There were no other persons in the compartment where she and Mr. Ward were, but there were persons in the adjacent compartments. When the train stopped at Limehouse, her friend got out first, and he was extending his hand to assist her out of the carriage, when in turning round she felt some one's hand lay hold of her to pull her back above her knee and under her clothes. She said it was the prisoner's hand. She screamed out for help. The prisoner was on the floor of the carriage, under the seat on which she had been sitting. She screamed out, "Oh, my God! there is some one got hold of my leg under the seat!" The prisoner removed his hand directly, and she alighted from the carriage, and her friend, Mr. Ward, made a complaint to the guard. The defendant got out of the carriage, and said he had been looking for his gloves. She gave him in charge to a police-sergeant, and proceeded to the Police station. The sergeant refused to take the charge unless she gave security to the amount of £25 to obtain a summons against the prisoner. On leaving the carriage he gave his hand to the lady. She drew her hand back and said, "Some one has got hold of my leg." He pushed her back into the carriage, and saw the defendant on the floor, under the seat, groping out sideways into the next compartment he had come from. He said to him, "What do you do there?" The defendant said, "I am looking for a glove." Witness said, "It is a very strange place to look for a glove up a lady's leg," and then withdrew from the carriage and gave the defendant in charge. The defendant said, "I am very sorry if anything I have done has offended the lady," and also said he was looking for a half-crown, was fidgeting one which he said was the coin he had lost, and said to Mrs. White, "Will you give me a half-crown, and nothing more will happen to it." Other evidence having been given, Mr. Sleight said the position of Mr. Cronch, his character, long services, and moral and social conduct on all occasions, was second to none in the metropolis. The court was crowded with clerical men of the Established Church, with justices of the peace, merchants, shipowners, parsonical officers, and others, all ready to bear testimony to the high character of the defendant, whose moral character and social bearing had hitherto been without a blemish. He thought that was an element of the greatest importance for the magistrate to consider in a case of this kind before he made up his mind. He had treated the complainant with courtesy as a respectable young woman. He had not a word to say against her respectability and veracity, but of her acquiescence, as far as this case was concerned, there might be some doubt. If she was touched in the way stated, she would as a decent woman naturally and justly feel indignant. He might, while looking for the money he had dropped, and

with his hand extended, have touched her as she was rising from her seat without any intention of doing so. The defendant said, "If I touched this lady, it was by accident. I am very sorry for it, and I had no intention of insulting her." The charge was utterly inconsistent with the defendant's previous excellent moral conduct. The complainant and her witness had only acted as respectable persons ought to do; but the defendant's statement should be taken as a salutation of the whole affair. There were no grounds for believing an assault had been committed by the defendant on the complainant, but that she had committed a great mistake, and that she would commit such an assault upon a woman in a railway carriage was a detestable person. The defendant was a respectable, moral, and well-conducted married gentleman, with a family, and he hoped the magistrate would arrive at the conclusion that the "respectable lady," who appeared in the witness-box, had made a deplorable mistake, and that the defendant was innocent. Several gentlemen in attendance gave the defendant a high character, but Mr. Page said it was a very serious charge, and he could not withdraw it from the consideration of a jury. Bail having been accepted, two sureties in £100 each, the prisoner was liberated until the next day.

**DEAD, BUT NOT KILLED.**—Richard Edwards, aged 29, a powerful man, described as a wheelwright, was brought before Mr. Page, charged with violently assaulting and wounding Dennis Collins, an ironmonger, and Mr. Collins's wife. The parties were living at No. 97, High-street, Shadwell, and it appeared that a bad feeling existed between the English and Irish residents in the house. The prisoner and Collins quarrelled a fortnight ago. There was another quarrel between them. The prisoner, a bad tempered man, took up a poker from his fire-place, and aimed a cowardly blow at Mrs. Collins's head. She put up her left hand to save her head, and received a blow on her hand which disabled her, and she has been very ill ever since. She screamed, and called for assistance. Her husband opened his room door, and the prisoner made a desperate blow at the Irishman's head with such force that the poker was broken, and the smaller piece of it bounded into the room of the Collins's. The poor Irishman received a severe wound and fell. He called out, "I am dead; but not killed," which brought several persons to his assistance, and among others police-constable No. 345 K, who found Dennis Collins bleeding profusely from his wound. He has been under medical treatment ever since. Buton produced the two pieces of the poker. One was in the Irishman's room. All the evidence went to show that the prisoner had acted with great brutality to Collins and his wife, and had wounded both. He said he acted in self-defence, and that Dennis Collins kicked him on a tender part of his person. Mr. Page committed the prisoner for trial, and refused to accept bail.

## SOUTH-WARK.

**A LADY OF TITLE'S LOVES.**—Mrs. Auko, the keeper of a lodging-house in the vicinity of the South-Western Railway, appeared to answer the charges of unlawfully detaining three shirts, several duplicates, and also other articles belonging to John Moore under the following singular circumstances:—The complainant, a middle-aged man of a very dignified appearance, said that he had lived with a lady at the defendant's for several weeks. The lady left one day last week, and when he went for his property defendant refused to allow him to take it away. Magistrate: What did your property consist of? Complainant: Three shirts, several duplicates of property belonging to me, and my shaving tackle. I don't know what to do without the latter and my shirts. Magistrate (to defendant): What have you to say for detaining the things? Defendant: I have a great deal to say, sir. This man came to my house with a lady, whom he represented to be his wife, and took lodgings. They owe me £8 1s 3d, s. r. Complainant: The lady was not my wife. She is a lady of title, and took me to the house to live with her. I did not contract the debt, and I don't see the defendant a farthing. Magistrate: Do you mean to tell me a lady of title placed you up to live with her? Complainant: Yes, sir; and I don't mind telling you her name in confidence. The lady—sir, and she furnished me with all my wants. I never undertook to pay anything. Defendant: That's false, for I became your security to a tailor for a new suit of clothes, and you have not paid for them yet. Complainant: Lady—will pay for them. (Laughter.) Magistrate: Where is Lady—then? Complainant: I don't know, sir; but I am sure to hear from her when she wants me. I assure you, sir, she is a reality of title. The magistrate observed that his conduct appeared very suspicious, and he thought the defendant had a right to detain the things until she was paid. Under these circumstances he should dismiss the charge.

## HAMMERSMITH.

**ANOTHER CASE OF ALLEGED CHILD-MURDER.**—Ann Bailey, a young woman dressed in the clothes of the Kensington Workhouses, who appeared very weak and ill, was finally examined before Mr. Dayman on a charge of concealing the birth of her female child. The case was, however, treated as one of murder. Ann Holmes, housekeeper to Mrs. Virran, a lady residing at No. 10, Notting-hill-terrace, stated that the prisoner was in the same service as housemaid. At ten o'clock on the night of the 23rd of February last she went into the kitchen and found the prisoner very ill. She asked her what was the matter with her, and also whether she had been confined, but she denied the fact. Witness persisted that she had been confined, and she at last admitted the fact, and that the body of the child was in the garden-closet. On the following day witness sent for a surgeon. The witness added that she had previously suspected the prisoner with being in the family-way; but when she was taxed with it she always denied being so. Mr. Joseph Barlett, a surgeon at Notting-hill, said he had since made an examination of the body, and found that the child had lived and had breathed freely. It was a full-grown female child, and appeared to have been healthy. The umbilical cord had been cut by some blunt instrument. There was a bruise on the right side of the face extending from the temple to the jaw, and there were some scratches on the neck. Mr. Andrew (the clerk): What was the cause of death? Mr. Barlett: I think from suffocation. Inspector Hepburn T Division informed the court that an inquest had been held on the body of the child, and the jury returned a verdict of "Found dead." He stated in evidence that he had searched the prisoner's boxes, and could not find any clothes or any preparation for the birth of a child. The prisoner had been for several weeks in the infirmary of Kensington Workhouse. The prisoner, acting under the direction of Mr. Martin, her legal adviser, reserved her defence. Mr. Dayman fully committed her for trial for the murder.

## WANDSWORTH.

**POSSESSION OF COUNTERFEIT COIN.—EXTRAORDINARY DEFENCE.**—George Smith, a respectable-looking man, about forty years of age, who was described as a commission agent, living in Gray's-inn-road, Holborn, was brought before Mr. Dayman for final examination, charged with being in possession of a quantity of counterfeit coin. Mr. Pollard, from the Mint solicitor's office, prosecuted. It appeared in evidence that on the evening of the 17th ult., the prisoner was observed by Police-constable Waiters, of the V Division, outside the Red Lion public-house in Barnes, apparently engaged in putting money in his pocket. When he saw the constable he moved away. He then appeared sober, but some time afterwards the constable was informed that he had been carried to the station by two respectable inhabitants, in a state of intoxication. He was then conveyed in a cart to the Wandsworth station to be locked up at which place he was searched by the order of Sergeant Keenan. The constable took from the prisoner's trousers pocket 8s 3d. in silver, which he handed to the sergeant. The constable next took a purse from a pocket in the prisoner's innermost cape, which, on being opened by Sergeant Keenan, he found contained seven shillings, two florins, and one half-crown, all counterfeit, and wrapped in tissue paper. The sergeant then examined the loose silver, and found four counterfeit shillings among it. The constable then searched the cart, and discovered another counterfeit shilling. The next morning the prisoner declared that the purse did not belong to him, and he also denied all knowledge of the counterfeit money. He represented to the police that he came by the train to Barnes at six o'clock in the company of two friends, who gave him what he thought was rum and milk, and that he did not recollect anything which afterwards happened. The prisoner made a statement to the magistrate, to the effect that he had obtained the ill-will of two or three parties in London for preventing them receiving goods from the country. He believed they induced the two men whom he met in the New-cut to drag him in the train. The counterfeit coin did not belong to him, and he was wholly innocent of the charge brought against him. He had never passed bad money in his life, and he had never been in a court before either as a delinquent or a witness. Mr. Dayman committed the prisoner for trial, and refused bail.

**CHARGE OF BIGAMY.**—Richard Gatten, a labourer, was charged, on remand, with bigamy. The two wives sat side by side in the court. The evidence went to prove that the prisoner was first married at St. John's Church, Clapham, on the 13th of September, 1862, to a young woman named Phoebe Mitchell. The second marriage took place at St. George's Church, Chamberwell, in 1862, to Mary Harvey Tuck, an ironer, living at No. 10, Chapel-street, Stockwell. The second wife was examined, and said she was a widow. Mr. Dayman: Did you know that the prisoner was a married man? Witness: I did not. I had been deceived since before (laughter). Mr. Dayman: Never mind that. You did not know he was a married man? Witness: You were when you asked me to get married (loud laughter). Witness: He said he was a widow. Prisoner: It is false. You knew I was a married man. Prisoner: You are telling a story. Witness: It is in your wife was called Phoebe. The constable who took the prisoner into custody said he told him that his second wife was as much in fault as he was, and that she knew he was a married man. The prisoner said his second wife bought him clothes for him to get married. Mr. Dayman committed him for trial.



## Literature

HIGHLAND JESSIE;  
OR,  
LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID.

A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

## CHAPTER XLV.

MRS. FISHER WILL NOT STRIKE HER COLOURS.

THERE is an old fable, which here I shall quote, because it seems to us it just fits Jubelina's case. It runs to the effect, that two very

white people took great pity upon an Ethiopian, and believing his colour to be the result of neglect, and not a decree of nature, they set to work to wash him white. They did not succeed. In fact, the fable goes on to say that his kind friends actually washed the poor Ethiop into the grave, giving him that cold upon cold that his tropical sensitiveness yielded, and his dear friends had to confess themselves beaten.

The fact is, you never can wash the negro white, and there is just the application to Mrs. Jubelina Electrina. She always had been a shrew, and to all appearance she meant to die one.

There she lay on the camp bedstead, quite—as Tim Flat put it—quite a "moral."

The wound she had received, as the reader already knows, was not very important. In fact, Fisher himself was, to speak metaphorically, much more wounded than she was, for he felt the injury at his very heart.

But a nervous and an irritable woman, the blow had caused a shock which Effingham feared, even on the 14th of June, might prove fatal.

However, so far, he had kept his counsel to himself. He hoped for the best.

Now that was particularly what Jubelina would not do.

In the muffled voice to which she was now reduced, she declared to everybody who would listen to her that she was going to the grave.

"Nonsense, mother," the sergeant would expostulatingly say; "you're not going to show the white feather—you are going to get well in a week, and sing 'British Grenadiers,' while our eldest plays the fife."

But no, she replied snappishly she was quite sure she was going to die, and expressed her sentiments in such a tone of voice, that you might have supposed she looked upon death as some great right, with the loss of which she was being imminently threatened.

She frightened little Nobby so, scared as the child was by the change in his mother's face and the difference in her voice, by telling him he should soon never see her any more, that that innocent had to be covered up (the one way of stopping his music), and carried out.

Even little Obby got white in the face, and skulked in corners.

But the sick tent was soon relieved of a number of little impediments.

The day after the accident, a lady of the regiment, in fact a sergeant's colossal lady, who was given to washing to that extent that she got the name of "Suds," carried off the blessed Jerry, speaking civilly for about the second time to Jubelina since she had known her. For Suds was a good and obedient wife; though, perhaps, she managed to let her husband know in what way she wanted to be obedient. Suds came down to the tent, being then and there under arms with her Warren, as her youngest, aged seven months, had

been christened, in spite of the regimental recommendation to try Washington,—down the broad ladder a woman came, and fell lightly upon blessed Jerry.

This act she illustrated with the following remarks:—"Mum, times have been, mum, when sooner than see your face I would prefer your back; but times have changed, as times they ever have. Mum, times have been when I've thought the regiment could get on without you, but times have changed. All wounded are equal; and so here I offers to take your Jeremiah till, mum, you are equal to your Jerry yourself, mum—/, in fact, being equal to anything, mum."

But Jubelina could not be gracious. "Mrs. Spankise, mum," says she; "which if my tent is indeed not fit to be seen, it is, owing to circumstances to which I will not refer, though sorry should I be to attribute upon you, Jeremiah also being a delicate one."

"Mum," continued Mrs. Spankise, "mothers is mothers all the world over, and therefore Jerry shall for a time be as mine; and that care will I bestow upon him which you your-

as completing the lady she had always believed herself to be, she was certainly more fashionable and got-up than ever; and as she went along she shook her scented cambric about her to that extent, and with such an air, that she looked like a lackadaisical nymph, agitating blessings all over the camp.

"Mrs. Fisher," said she, going down, of course, like a balloon, and this time more like a French balloon than ever—"Mrs. Fisher, which good Samaritans there may be and may not be, and which may not be, yet be I am content to shut my high (here she closed both her lids) to the past, and open my high (here she unclosed her organs of vision) to the present, which shocking it is indeed, though not referring to my high, but to which that high beholds. Mrs. Fisher (here she ballooned all about once more), I have come to offer my poor services (here Miss Skeggs looked as though her services were worth say £10,000 per annum) to do a friendly action. Which I have agreed with my lady to take the dear Obdiah while you are ill, and to my heart."

"Thank you, dear," says Mrs. Fisher; "you're very good."

"Oh, Jubelina," says Skeggs, melted in a moment by Electrina's "dear," exactly as though she had been a stick of fashion-

able lollipop. And then Skeggs, with that ability of kissing which some unmarried spinsters display—say one or two in ten thousand—saluted Jubelina on the face, and called her a "pore love."

Now, it would open up large fields of speculation to venture into any inquiries as to how it was that Jubelina frankly accepted the offer of Skeggs, with whom she had come to deplorable grief, while she hesitated to receive the good offices of Sergeantess Spankise, a woman with whom she had never had any discussion. It is true that this respectability of conduct had been due wholly to Spankise, who had turned Jubelina's flank whenever she made an attack. Yet still the fact remained that they had never been bad friends; though, equally, at no time had they been in a state of good-fellowship.

It is just possible the fact stood that Mrs. Fisher, who was naturally no fool, however much her general conduct proved she lived no wise woman—that Mrs. Fisher preferred to be helped by a woman little better than herself, rather than to be aided by a sister sergeantess, between whom and herself she knew there was no comparison.

At all events, she "made it up" with Wilhelmina in what Mrs. Maloney called "a jiffy."

Mrs. M. could not be off hearing the whole conversation which passed in the Fisher tent, for how could she help it with only two inches and a couple of walls of canvas between her own establishment and her neighbour's?

You might have supposed that the sum of Wilhelmina's happiness was now indeed added up. She tucked her fashions round about her, and sailed round the tent, putting the place in such modish order that it was quite impossible for Jubelina to avoid being moved.

And when at last—say in half-an-hour—Wilhelmina cleared out, holding the dear Obby in her arms, of course there was some more kissing to be done, as a kind of sweet sacrifice to womanly estimation.

It is true Obby spoilt the tableaux by clenching at Skeggs's fashionable bonnet—the last pink crape seen in garrison that year (it had been Mrs. Pinto's). But even this misfortune, to say nothing of pulling all her back hair down—for Obby had something of his mother in him—only caused Skeggs to turn yellow, and, indeed, she committed herself to the expression that he was quite a "little cherub."

So gradually the family tent grew more and more quiet.

The sweetest Jerry was gone.

And Obby had been translated.

Nobby followed.

Jessie Macfarlane came down as Miss Skeggs was quitting the establishment, and so great was the influence of the disasters of war even upon the feud between the Glasgow girl and Wilhelmina



OFFICERS' MESS-HOUSE AT ALLAHABAD.

self would and should, mum; and, if a little brandy is in your way, mum, why yere that brandy is."

"Thank you, mum, I don't want it," said Juby, so fast it sounded as all in one word, and in such a tone it might have been suggested by Maloney in the next tent, and perhaps it was, that Suds had actually been proposing to administer the contents of one of her several wash-tubs.

"Mum," says Mrs. Spankise, "mayhap you will think better of it, and laying of it down, I will, if only for the sake of your dear Jerry. Why, bless it's little limbs," she continues, taking the sweet creation from young Job's arms,—"they are as firm as British Grenadiers." How old, mum? But lor, of course I remember And taken care of he shall be; equal to my own, if not equal."

And so this was the way the infant Jerry found himself in luck; for though Mrs. Suds was the grimmest and gauntest sergeantess in the whole of the British and East India Company services put together, there was not a woman in the length and breadth of that land upon which the sun never sets that had a softer breast than hers.

Then it was Wilhelmina Skeggs who took off Obby, having asked to that effect of Mrs. Colonel Pinto, her lady.

Mrs. Skeggs came down more fashionably-dressed than ever, and wearing about the last pair of light kid gloves that was to be seen in the Residency at Lucknow for a long time. Well, whether it was the effect of these perfect hand coverings, or the belief in her own action

ing the whole conversation which passed in the Fisher tent, for how could she help it with only two inches and a couple of walls of canvas between her own establishment and her neighbour's?

You might have supposed that the sum of Wilhelmina's happiness was now indeed added up. She tucked her fashions round about her, and sailed round the tent, putting the place in such modish order that it was quite impossible for Jubelina to avoid being moved.

And when at last—say in half-an-hour—Wilhelmina cleared out, holding the dear Obby in her arms, of course there was some more kissing to be done, as a kind of sweet sacrifice to womanly estimation.

It is true Obby spoilt the tableaux by clenching at Skeggs's fashionable bonnet—the last pink crape seen in garrison that year (it had been Mrs. Pinto's). But even this misfortune, to say nothing of pulling all her back hair down—for Obby had something of his mother in him—only caused Skeggs to turn yellow, and, indeed, she committed herself to the expression that he was quite a "little cherub."

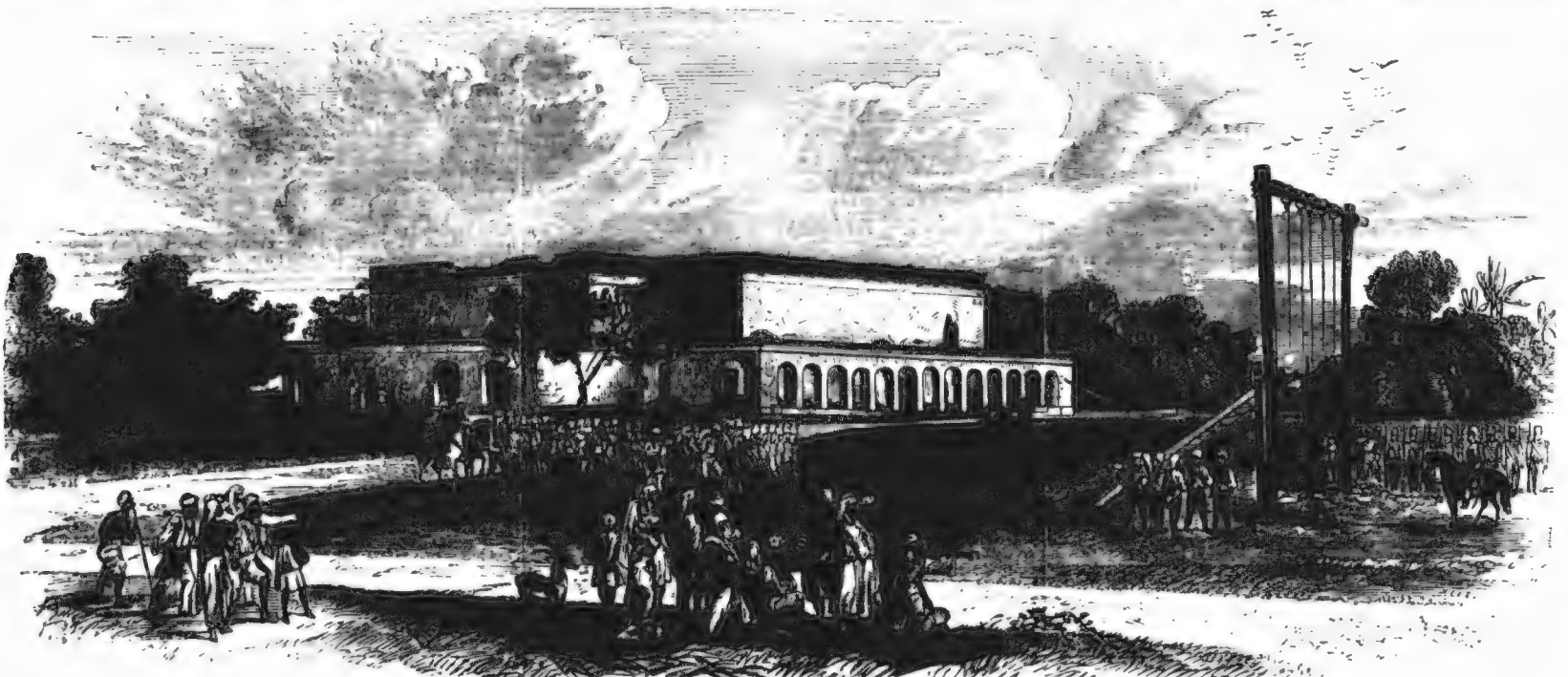
So gradually the family tent grew more and more quiet.

The sweetest Jerry was gone.

And Obby had been translated.

Nobby followed.

Jessie Macfarlane came down as Miss Skeggs was quitting the establishment, and so great was the influence of the disasters of war even upon the feud between the Glasgow girl and Wilhelmina



JUDGE'S COURT-HOUSE AND GALLOWES, ALLAHABAD. (See page 686.)





BLOWN FROM THE GUNS (See page 686.)



that actually Jessie held out the flag of truce first, and said good morning.

"Good morning," says Wilhelmina, going down fashionably, with such a way on her that Obby once more cast anchor in the pink craps bonnet, which already, in its crushed condition, had given Wilhelmina the air of being a mile or two on the wrong side of sobriety.

"This is indeed sad work about our friend Mrs. Fisher," says Skeggs.

"Oh dreadful," says Jessie. "Are ye taking the poor lad, Obby, to your camp?"

"Yes, Miss Farlane—Mac, I mean; but you will excuse a Londoner; for the poor dear could not endure the worry of four of them."

"I'm just going to take Nebby," says Jessie.

"Then you are indeed a worthy person, Miss Far—Mac—Mac—I beg your pardon, Mac—Mac—Far—but I don't seem to have it now; these beautiful Scotch names being so confounding to a foreigner, which London I presume to Scotland is. Yes, I have taken Obby, not nevertheless, forgetting my position in society; but a woman as sister woman womanly should be; and here Skeggs raised her eyes, as though asking the stars to applaud her sentiment."

No Skeggs nodded to Jessie, Jess to Mina, and then the lady's maid told as fashionably away as the circumstances would admit of, while Jessie entered the tent whose threshold she had never dreamt of crossing in friendship again.

But Jessie had so dreamt because, hitherto, war had not come to her own door, nor had she seen any of its results.

We all know that war is cruel, brutal, savage; but just as the most ravenous animal has its better side, just as even the most noxious serpent will caress its young, so war has a kindly aspect, and this is the wonderful companionship it generates amongst the fighters on either side, which is so great that it even extends to the outposts on both sides of the war, when each enemy is honourable.

In the long war between the French and English, the outposts would frequently exchange greetings and small comforts—would often give warning to the opposite outpost of the advance of a skirmishing party; and even in the Russian war, French and Russians, English and Russians, meeting in the pauses of the warfare, would speak kindly and exchange courtesies.

Yes, the generation of good fellowship is the better side of all war.

On either side of the battle quarrelling rarely goes on amongst companions until peace is once more proclaimed. Each army becomes a kind of family, the members of which, without being sentimental, become the most capital companions in the world.

It is true that when companions are knocked over and laid in the trenches the survivors do not grieve much, for there is no time to weep in war; and, again, you may join the great majority, the dead at any moment, yourself; so what is the use of moaning after your friend, on the long journey, when your own portmanteau may be packed for the same terminus as that to which he is bound, by a bullet: which the enemy has just rammed down with a ring of the rod? But till death does the companions of battle part, there is hosts of good fellowship; and, paradox as it may appear, in all probability there is less quarrelling on a battle-field than, number for number, you will find anywhere else, all the world over.

But, bless me! all this time Jessie Macfarlane is being kept waiting for her interview with Mrs. Fisher.

Jessie went in as naturally as possible; and as it appears that there are many of Jessie's admirers who cannot understand her Scotch, and who do not care to lose a word of what she has to say, why her expressions shall henceforth be put into the best English that can be found in which to shape them.

"Good morning!" Mrs. Fisher; "I'm just sorry to hear that your word is so painful, and I've just come down from Mrs. O'Gogarty to say, if you like, I may look after little Nebby, and take him up to the colonel's house, and keep him there till his mother is herself again. Eh, what do you say?"

"Which you—which you would not care to be troubled with my child, Macfarlane, I'm sure," says Fisher, with a jerk on her bed.

I do not attempt to produce the thickened language she used—caused by the injury to her mouth—for it would make Fisher appear more ridiculous than even that shrew ever was, and time has come when Jubelina need not appear more absurd than need be.

"Eh!" says Jessie. "I would be troubled with any child that just wanted help."

"I desay I can get on," says Fisher. "Mrs. Spankies has taken the baby, and my dear friend Miss Skeggs has got Obadiah, and I shall only have Nebby to attend to."

"Hey," says Jessie; "ye must just be as quiet as ye can, and I'll take the boy away upon trial, and if ye want him back ye will only have to send the sergeant for him—will ye?"

The sergeantess started, and she looked eagerly and enviously at Jessie's fresh young Scotch face.

"May be," said she, "it would be a fine day for you, Macfarlane, when my sergeant came to talk to you."

Poor thing! It was only too evident to Jessie that Mrs. Fisher was cavilling with the possible time when her sergeant might be a widower. She had been angry in the past, was fierce in the present, and now she showed herself at war with that future in which she feared she might have no part.

Jessie very prudently put the question on one side.

"And how do you just decide, Mrs. Fisher," she said. "Shall I take the poor little boy upon trial?"

"Oh," says Jubelina, "he's very happy, and you have no need to pity him, Jessie Macfarlane; and if you like you may take the boy upon trial," adds the wounded woman, quickly, as though in this half-concession she found much consolation.

And so the tent got quieter and quieter.

Jerry, Obby, and Nebby were out of it, and of the four children only young Job remained.

This poor lad, who had already found the world such a comfortable kind of bad lodging, had a heart as soft as butter, which appears to be generally the case with the children of shrews—though nature in such a dispensation certainly does appear in a wrong light—this poor lad, young Job, I say, alone remained in the tent.

Well, I don't know whether he got off his duties, or some kind military Samaritan excused him in some military way from those duties; but it is certain that he took or obtained that time which enabled him to become his mother's nurse.

So, at ten years of age—or eleven was it?—he sat patiently down to be a little drummer nurse.

I have heard that the mother was very hard to bear with. It is quite a mistake to suppose that affliction always softens us. If we are naturally sour, affliction only too often concentrates our acidity, which process, after all, when you come to think over it, is a very natural one.

That Sergeant Fisher's wife was angry-hearted as she lay on her sick bed, I am afraid is a statement that cannot be denied; though I admit that it is extremely painful to make.

Certainly she was not contradicted in anything, as she lay on the camp mattress. Fisher had instructed his son privately, on the evening of the family catastrophe, to be "dutiful more nor ever; for that," he added, "you have not your fathers and your mothers ever with you."

And this warning young Job considered met most solemnly by a military salute to his father, and a solemn and emphatic "Yes."

Thereupon the sergeant as solemnly saluted his bit of a boy, coking as grave over that honour as though young Job were a general; and thus a mutual understanding was solemnly arrived at between the suffering father and son.

But the mother was very hard to bear with. She was as exacting as when in health—if not more so.

Nothing was right the poor boy did. As for him, he kept religiously his word. "All right, mother." This was his only reply. It may be true the tone varied; the words varied never. Sometimes "All right, mother," meant "I'll try and do better;" and quite as often "All right, mother," really meant, "Don't, don't hit a fellow so werry hard."

He sat by that fractious bed all day, waving away those horrible pests, the flies, with his father's best silk handkerchief, and constantly changing the cold applications he was directed by Phil, in the doctor's kindest voice, to dab on his mother's forehead.

She was fractious when these applications were changed; and so as that first day went on, the boy grew feverish himself, for he knew his mother ought to keep quiet, and, at the same time, he felt that he caused her to be irritable.

The poor woman's only chance of life lay in her perfect quietude. This quietude accept she would not. In her illness, as in her life, her very worst enemy was herself.

Day after day, after the children were removed from the tent, young Job grew very morose and dismal.

Well, day succeeded day, and Mrs. Fisher grew no better. The wound was simple, but, as it has been said, a great nerve had been injured, and infinite repose was necessary. This repose of itself was difficult in such a place as the Residency had become, but the poor woman made it infinitely more unobtainable by her own anger and willfulness.

She was surrounded by friends, but she met them in that manner that you might have supposed they were all her enemies.

The children were brought to see her every day, these visits being young Job's delights, and it is surprising how sisterly Jessie and Wilhelmina became, considering everything. But the fact is, you can't do kindness in common, and remain at variance with your partner in charity.

Now, Phil Effingham came to Fisher several times a-day, for he was that kind of man who takes out misery and worry in work, and certainly his patients had enough of him.

Each time he paid a visit when Fisher was off duty, the sergeant put the same respectful question to the medical man, touching his cap as he did so—"Is she any better, sir?"

"No," was always the first word of the answer, which was generally completed by a statement to the effect that she was worrying herself too much to expect to get better.

It was on the 19th of June, just a week after the interview between Phil Effingham and the Nena Sahib's spy, and just a week after the scene at Delhi, that symptoms of delirious fever first appeared in Mrs. Fisher.

"You baggage, you—you baggage!" she muttered.

"Who, mother?" asked young Job, in a pleading voice. The words recalled the feverish mind, and she said, "What, Job—did I speak?"

But in a short time she wandered again, and clapping her hands in the old sharp way, she cried out, "I'll let her know, the baggage—I'll pull every red hair in her head out of it, the baggage!"

"Yes, mother," says young Job pleadingly; "I'm here."

"All right, my boy!" she says, sharply; for in the beginning of delirious fever a sane word appears to be able to call back the fleeting senses.

But by the time the sergeant came in with the regimental tea-can, hot and hot, she had wandered a score of times, and upon each occasion her ruling passion of "row" was in her wandering thoughts.

The sergeant had begun pouring out the tea, and he had spread the bread and butter—I mean the bread and cheese—when the sergeantess cried, "Tear her eyes out; tear every one of her eyes out, and don't leave her half a one to see with—the slut—the—the—"

"All right, mother!" says the sergeant, struck for some moments motionless at these awful yet familiar sounds.

"Mother's been a goin' on like that, father, ever since you went out this morning—goin' on, you know, on and on!"

The poor woman had stopped her voice as the sergeant spoke, but the fever was progressing, and, therefore, the effect of the remonstrance did not remain very long upon her brain.

Before the sergeant could set down the regimental teapot she began again.

"Shake her head off her shoulders!" she said; "and when you've done it, see whether she can stick it on again, the hussey in a hoop!"

"Oh, Lord!" said the sergeant. "When was the doctor here, Job?"

"Which, father, he ain't been since the morning; and nobody else to-day; and I went to Sergeant Maloney's tent, but she was not there—I mean Mrs. Maloney, and mother was talking, so that, at last—I was—"

"Which, my dear son," says the sergeant, "I hope as you are not again to say as you was afraid?"

"Well, father—"

"No, Job, you was again to say you was afraid—you was goin' to be afraid, which was very natral, only not the other; and of this I am sure, Drummer Fisher, as you are too much of a man to be afraid; and, for bless you, boy, you would not go to be afraid of your own mother! Why, what blessed harm would or could your own mother do you?"

You see, reader, the sergeant was carrying out the comedy to its end. He meant to love and honour his wife, come what might.

"Yes—that's it," said the boy. "I was afraid I was again to be afraid."

Then he took the tea the father had been pouring from tin to tin, to cool it, and carried it to the mother's bedside.

The poor lad split the greater part of it, as the mother broke out again—"She's no better than she should be. She ought to be drummed out of the regiment. Drum her out, the baggage—drum her out! Where's my son Job? Drum her out, the scum—rub a dub-dub-dub! Yab, there she goes! Yes—any, every body knows where she'll go, the baggage!"

"My God!" says the poor sergeant, who, I believe, loved his wife as well as, if not better than, any English sergeant in or out of India. "Job, hold on! I'm going for the regimental surgeon."

Barely did he stop to put himself in military order, sergeant as he was.

But he had not left the tent a minute when he met Jessie Macfarlane.

"Jessie," he said, "my poor wife's took worse."

"Poor woman!" says Jess, who was carrying hot tea to or for somebody.

"I'm going for the doctor. Will you drop in at my quarters?" Jess looked at her load, as much as to say, "I've promised to see this lodged, and I can't break my word."

Fisher comprehended.

"Young Job's there—he'll carry the ration. I don't think she ought to be left without a woman to look after her; I'm going for the doctor."

"Run on, man," says Jessie; "I'll gas to the tent."

And so it was that Phil Effingham found Jessie seated at the sergeantess's bedside, and alone with her when he entered the tent.

He did not arrive in consequence of any application on the part of the sergeant, for he had set out on his round before Fisher reached his quarters.

"Hallo, Jessie!" he said; and in perfect accordance with his inquiry seven mornings before and after the interview with the Nena spy, as to what the deuce ailed him when the Scotchwoman passed, he began to feel his blood tingling in all his fingers.

"Hey, is that you, doctor?"

"Oh, yes, Jess. It's myself."

Now this was not a vastly intelligent speech. But the fact is,

that Phil was just in that condition when no man is in a state to make sensible speeches.

"Any news, sir?" says Jess, who as the medical man entered was wiping her eyes.

"Nothing beyond firing off half a dozen Sepoys." (c)

Now even this speech was not one upon which Phil in a normal condition would have prided himself.

"No news," says Jessie, "from from Allahabad?"

Now this was a very natural question on the part of Jessie; for it will be remembered that Barry Sanderson was stationed at that place.

"No," said Phil, with an awkwardness that he had not felt since fourteen, when he was caught stealing black-currant jam by a maiden aunt in spectacles;—"No, no news from Allahabad; but we expect relief from that station in a day or so."

"Oh, gude laird, sir!" says Jessie; "you don't mean to say the Highlanders are expected daily?"

And here her eyes were opened to the whole of their handsome size.

"By Jove!" says Phil, as he looked at her—and then he continued, "by Jove! I do."

"Hey, my airt!" (heart), says Jessie; and taking the ugliest little handkerchief ever seen even in Scotland (which is saying a great deal), from her pocket, she burst into a cataract of Glasgow tears.

But Phil Effingham was wrong.

The Highlanders were not marching to the relief of Lucknow, nor were they to move towards Lucknow for many multiples of two days.

Up to that date they were having quite enough to do to keep Allahabad an English station.

The rebels, however, had not the worst of it. They had been shelled from the mess-house (b), and the court-house had its gallows of vengeance erected almost within the shadow of the building (c).

"What are you crying for, Jess?" asks Phil Effingham, feeling awfully inclined to go to the young woman, put his arms round her waist, and see what will come of it. "You were crying, Jess, when I came in."

Now this was strictly true. Perhaps, as she sat alone by Mrs. Fisher's sick bed, she fell thinking of Barry, and how he might want nursing, or, perhaps, genuinely, she pitied the sergeantess.

Anyhow, it is certain that she was crying.

"Hey, sir," says Jessie; "I've got something in my eye."

"Indeed! Let me look, Jess," says the doctor.

Nor let the reader reproach the doctor for neglecting the sergeantess, for he did not yet know that she was worse.

"Tis no matter," says Jess.

"Isn't it, though?" replies the doctor. "Let me tell you that

(a) BLOWN FROM THE GUNS.—Among the many startling features of the Indian revolt, not the least was the method taken of punishing the rebel soldiery. At Lucknow and elsewhere, a signal example was made, by blowing rebels from the cannon's mouth. Forty men of the 55th Native Infantry, taken near Peshawar, were thus executed in one day. A more terrible punishment can scarcely be conceived, though it has the advantage of being instantaneous, and of being considered honourable. This was quickly pointed out to the native troops by Britisher Chamberlain on the execution of two men of the 55th. Said he:—"Native officers and soldiers of the 55th Light Infantry, you have just seen two men of your regiment blown from guns. This is the punishment I will inflict on all traitors and mutineers, and your consciences will tell you what punishment they may expect hereafter. These men have been blown from a gun, and not hung, because they were Brahmans, and I wished to save them from the pollution of the hangman's (sweeper's) touch, and thus prove to you that the British Government does not wish to injure your caste and religion. I call upon you to remember that each one of you has sworn to be obedient and faithful to your salt. Fulfil this sacred oath, and not a hair of your heads shall be hurt. God forbid that I should have to take the life of another soldier, but like you I have sworn to be faithful and do my duty; and I will fulfil my vow by blowing away every man guilty of sedition and mutiny as I have done to-day. Listen to no evil counsels, but do your duty as good soldiers. You all know full well that the reports about the cartridges are lies, propagated by traitors, whose only desire is to rob and murder. These scoundrels, who profess to find cows' and pigs' fat in the cartridges, no longer think them forbidden when they break into mutiny and shoot down women and children. Subedar Gajadon Palnek, Subedar Roostam Mirg, and Havildar Ganga Deen Chowry, you have done well. I will bring your conduct to the notice of the Governor-General of India, who will reward your loyalty. Private Khaspaul Sook, you heard the mutinous and seditious language which was spoken by the two sepoyas; and on the court-martial you would not give evidence. You are false to your salt, and shall be punished. A strange scene occurred at Ferozepore, on the execution of three men mutineers. While the fons were being struck off from the legs of these men, some cried out—'Do not sacrifice the innocent for the guilty.' Two others, 'Hold your anvil; die men, and not cowards—you defended your religion, why then do you crave your lives?' Sahib! they are not Sahib, they are dogs." Some more began to upbraid their commanding officer. "He released the halidat-major who was the chief of the rebels." The ten men were fastened to the muzzles of ten guns, which were charged with blank cartridge. The commanding officer directed portfires to be lit. "Ready!" "Fire!" and the drama was played out.

(b) MESS HOUSE AT ALLAHABAD.—At the commencement of the outbreak here the sepoyas behaved most cruelly. Upon seizing the mess-house, which they soon lost again, they behaved with great ferocity. Everywhere with few and faint exceptions, the mutinied sepoyas showed themselves treacherous and cruel. At Allahabad they behaved most cruelly, and here their treachery was finished and complete. It was here that an Englishman, (servant of the mess) was cut up into little pieces, and portions of his flesh thrust down his children's throats. Here, says a correspondent, "they burnt one whole family from grandfather to grandchild, alive. Others they killed by inches—cutting off the nose, then the ears, the fingers, then the toes, and so on. Children they killed before the mother's eyes—little innocent children—and then killed her." The men who perpetrated these atrocities were the men of the "loyal" 6th Regiment of M. L. So loyal were they, that a few days before, the men volunteered to proceed to Delhi against the rebels, and expressed themselves grieved beyond measure at any movement which betokened a doubt of their loyalty. When the officers of the regiment first left the lines, a subadar paid a visit to Lieutenant Hawes, the interpreter, and expostulated with him. In the name of the regiment, upon the want of confidence which they displayed. "Come to us," he said, "we are faithful; we love our good masters; we will protect you; but it gives us pain to see you suspect us. Hawes and his wife (who was present at the interview) were melted even to tears at the simple eloquence of the man, whom they had hesitated, as well as his fellows by their unworthy suspicions. There was but one course left to take—to return to the bosom of the regiment, to throw themselves upon the hearts of the men, and this course they adopted, persuading the other officers of the regiment and their families to follow their example. When they returned to the regiment, the scene which awaited them touched the heart of all present. The men whom they had suspected in a moment of narrow-minded apprehension were found drawn up to receive their officers and welcome them with three or four English cheers. The native officers, unable to control their feelings, which swelled high, and sent their warm Asiatic blood coursing through their veins, in defiance of all gold rules of decorum and hollow military observances gave vent to the natural and simple emotion of their brave hearts. They flung themselves about the necks of their European officers, and before the sun set those confiding Englishmen were slain, and slain most horribly. However, there is something to condemn on the other side, as the following extract will show:—"A few days after I went up in a steamer with Captain Harewood, to burn villages. We took a 12lb howitzer with us, and killed an awful lot of people. The country is getting quiet here, but then every native is shot down like a dog. I landed with a dozen men to bring in some bullocks, when we were attacked by forty men, when a bullet struck within a yard of me. On the 2nd of July I joined a volunteer cavalry corps. We used to go out every morning about two, get all the property out of a village, take all the suspicious-looking people, and then burn the village."

(c) THE JUDGE'S COURT-HOUSE AND GALLIES, ALLAHABAD.—The English retribution at Allahabad was swift and merciless. The sepoyas, after some desperate work, were overpowered. Then a dood of military judges had sufficient work to do; and, says the chief of this commission, writing at the time, "day by day we have strung up eight or ten men. We have the power of life and death in our hands, and we spare not." At first the condemned culprit was taken to a tree, in a cart, with a rope round his neck; which rope being made fast to a bough, the cart was withdrawn from under him, and he died. The tree which stands out a little before the court-house (see the engraving), thus served the purpose of a gallows. In a few days, however, a regular gallows was erected before the court-house; and here many of the rebels were still executed daily.







